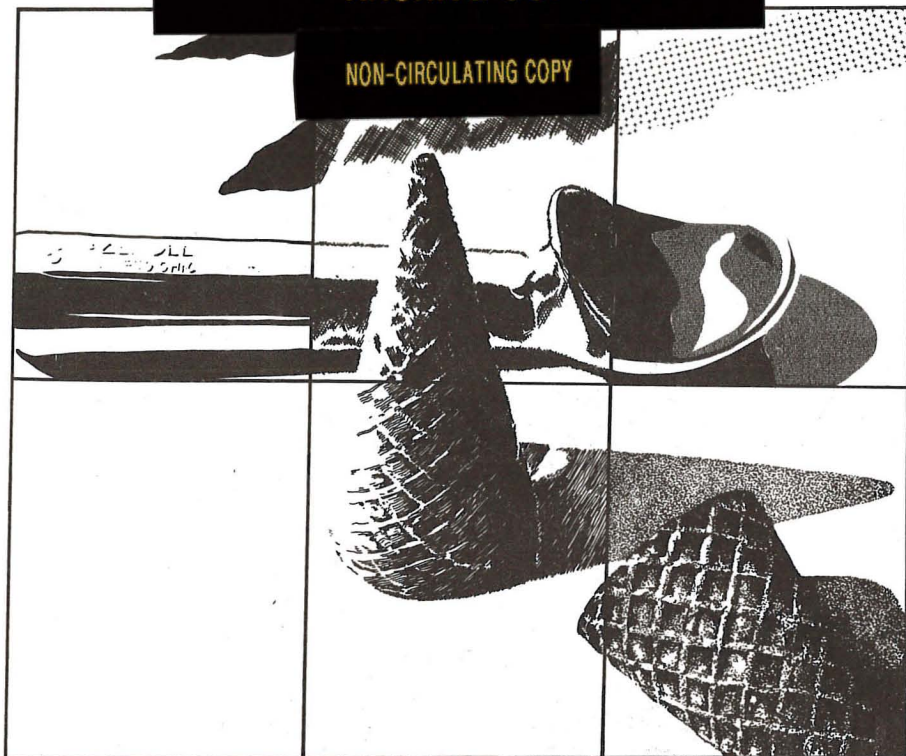


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PATTERNS

38th Edition, 1996





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The 38th Edition
of
P A T T E R N S



A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

PREFACE

"It's a great thing to start life with a small number of really good books which are your very own."

--Francis Bacon

Once again we herald the outstanding works of St. Clair County Community College students whose efforts in this 38th Edition of Patterns are not only worthy of our attention but deserving of recognition from the community. The seeds of inspiration must be nourished. In a climate of interest, of nurturing, and compassionate reception, we set the stage for potential to bloom, for talent to grow, and for the unending story of human aspiration to realize its ability to develop and flourish. Storytellers and artists at any age, in any era, allow a society to communicate and preserve its unique character. In retelling the story of human endeavor, human struggles and triumphs, we reaffirm our place in history; our perseverance to rise above the mundane is recorded. And so, with pride in our budding artists and writers, we present another "garden of verses," another journey into the Spring of new blossoms bursting forth with promise.

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THE BIKE
Yen-Ling Mulholland



DEDICATION

Susanna Mason Defever

Susanna Defever's recent retirement does not end her three decades of devotion to Patterns. She has always been, and continues to be, absolutely committed to this little gem of a magazine. This is because she has always been dedicated to her students and their writing, and to the importance of art in our lives. For Susanna, a teacher and writer herself, writing is not a wall which only the

few gifted can scale - it is the very ground we navigate. And one of her many gifts as a teacher is her ability to convince us that indeed what we have to say - and therefore who we are - is important. This is a gift she gave freely to all of us: students, colleagues, and friends alike.

Susanna Defever showed us that art is not distant, but intimate. Artists are not "they," but "we." Her proof was - and still is - this magazine. Since 1958 Patterns has been published, and for most of those years Susanna strived joyfully in the making of each issue. She worked with others at the College, she worked alone at home. She exhorted students and gave speeches, she alphabetized entries and stuffed envelopes. There is no part of the making of Patterns with which Susanna Defever is not familiar. And in the financially troubled times of the mid eighties she worked with unyielding faith to find alternate sources of funding so students would continue to have a forum for their literary and artistic voices. Even now, as we again face difficult times, Susanna continues behind the scenes as an important member of the Friends of the Arts, which helps greatly in funding Patterns.

Producing a high quality literary magazine requires money, certainly, but it demands much more than that. It demands people who possess several qualities: energy, patience, perseverance, and caring, to name a few. Certainly Susanna possesses all of these, but most of all, she cares deeply. Over the years, her caring has gotten her into a few scrapes; that, however, is not a criticism but a tribute to her passion. What is most

remarkable is that in all her years of service that passion has not dimmed. Susanna has an incredible *joi de vivre* that infuses every issue of Patterns. This will be difficult to maintain - 1996 seems such a serious time, and we miss terribly Susanna's boundless enthusiasm, her sparkling eyes, and her often mischievous smile.

But, as Susanna would likely say to this, life is not about lamentation but celebration. So we celebrate by dedicating this, the 38th issue of Patterns, to Susanna Defever. Thank you, Susanna, for bringing the joy and reverence of art into our lives, and for helping us realize, through your example as a writer and your encouragement as a teacher, that all of us are truly artists. What a remarkable accomplishment.



LINE DRAWING: LANDSCAPE
Neil Campbell

The Richard J. Colwell Award

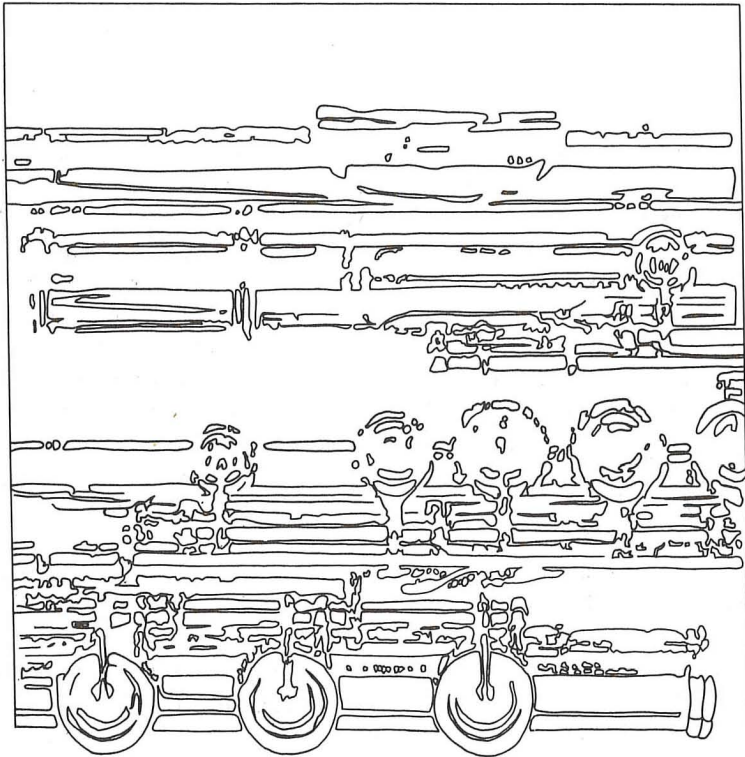
*"I drink the wine of aspiration and the drug of illusion.
Thus I am never dull."*

-John Galsworthy

Richard J. Colwell was a warm, vibrant man who loved his colleagues, his students, and his life as a teacher of English at this college for 25 years. He loved drama, poetry, and word-play, and he loved a good short story even more. This award is given annually to the student who takes a chance with a story and succeeds. Sherry Jones, this year's winner, presents us with a theological and philosophical conundrum concerning the unforgivable sin in her story, "Shadows on the Wall," the second place winner. With uncanny insight into the mind of a depressed young woman, this story raises the question of whether we most need forgiveness from ourselves.

It is perhaps, quite appropriate that this challenging story be written by a nursing student who is an active paramedic and who recently won a lifesaving award from the Farmington Hills Fire Department. Sherry is a third year member of Phi Theta Kappa, the chapter's Newsletter editor for the last two years, and one of the College's two 1994-95 nominees to the All-USA Academic Team. But to those of us who know her, Sherry is a writer.

In addition to Sherry's powerful short story, her two essays are included as Selections of Merit in this edition of Patterns. These pieces are experimental, intriguing mixes of story and essay, both focussing on the theme of abandonment. One is a highly symbolic and mythical approach to the subject while the other looks at an adult woman's quest to resolve an issue haunting her since childhood. Sherry's willingness to undertake the auctorial risk in these three pieces makes her worth recognizing for this year's Richard J. Colwell Award.



FLUTES

Laura Collins

The Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award

*"...remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; this is,
prose - words in their best order;
poetry - the best words in their best order."*

-Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The journey to excellence makes the artist. To assist and recognize students who strive to write prose and poetry of a high quality, the Eleanor B. Mathews Award is given to a writer who demonstrates outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style in a variety of genres and over a period of time. This year's recipient is one of the College's finer artistic students, Gina Maria Tucker.

Gina was recognized in last year's Patterns for her innovations with a short story, and won the Richard Colwell Award. This year, four of Gina's poems highlight the poetry category. Regarding her poetry, Gina says, "My poetry is the written form of thoughts, images and events that I've witnessed in the course of a split second or years, edited so that the reader can stay focused on what I have to say."

Gina's plans for the future include finishing her college career at the Kendall College of Art and Design in Grand Rapids, and then embarking on a career in graphic design. Her work in the last two editions of Patterns show her to be a student who is concerned with Coleridge's "homely definitions" of quality prose and poetry, and whose work is worthy of being recognized with the Mathews Award.

Butterfly Symphony

Keith B. Rogers

Just an old gray bearded man
He lives on the dock
Feeds the pigeons
As mice eat holes in his socks

Claimed to be a symphonic composer
But got dirty looks
And the bum needs a shower

But one brisk sunny fall day
The sky turned peppermint

One billion butterflies
Swarmed down into the park
Swooping down onto their perches

They stuck out their chests
Wearing tuxedo pin-striped vests
With the eyes of larks

Conducting with an old rusty fork
The stinking bum conducted
Very defiantly
The Butterfly Symphony

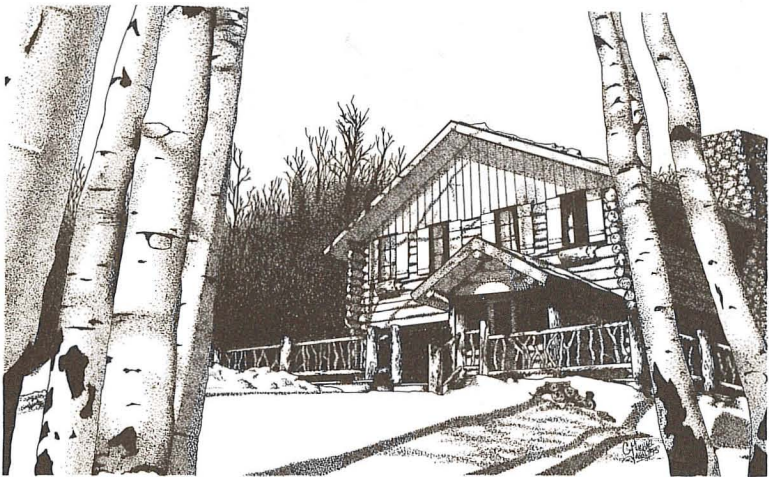
And the town square clapped.

The Blanche Redman Poetry Award

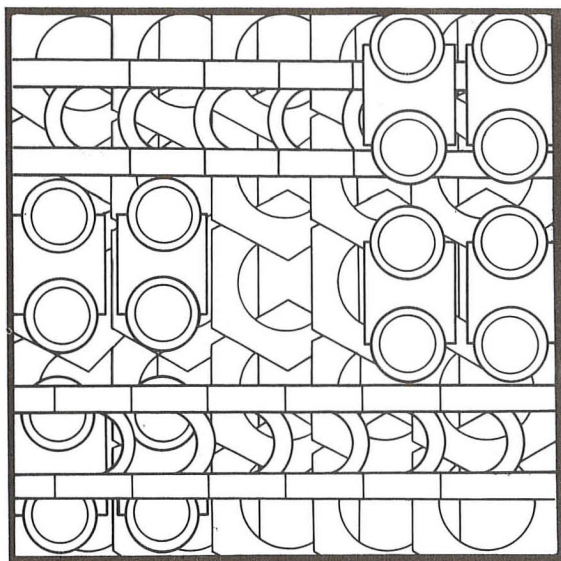
This award is in memory of Blanche Redman, founder of *Patterns*. She was a respected teacher here at St. Clair County Community College and an accomplished writer, most notable in poetry. Many of her poems were published and praised for their unique structure, rhythm, tone, and imagery. These are the very same qualities that form the criteria for this award.

This year's recipient is Keith Rogers for his poem, "Butterfly Symphony." The poem speaks to the very musical aspects of poetry: Rhythm, rhyme, and tone; in addition, Keith's images present natural beauty juxtaposed with the beauty of the commonplace.

Keith's interest in writing comes after years as an accomplished musician and songwriter. Painting is also a very important interest for him. As a result, these forms of expression are somehow synthesized, creating unique works of art that still share similar characteristics.



2 PT. PERSPECTIVE
C. Michael Jahn



DAILY DILEMA
Kevin Sanderson



GEO
Kevin Sanderson

Reality Check

First Place - Essay

Karen Galbraith

"It's time to go," shouts the lieutenant.

The members of the team, myself included, pick up our M16's and head out into the darkness.

Earlier in the day, Sgt. Mike Powers walked me through the forest and told me what to expect. We set up trip flares and whistling booby traps. Mike has been through this several times before. His confidence and cheerful manner had excited me this afternoon when the summer sun was hot and bright; but, as we lie side by side on the sandy embankment, embraced by twilight's damp chill, I feel no excitement, only tension.

We say nothing as we stare into the dark forest, the same forest which had seemed so peaceful, so beautiful and filled with life this afternoon. Now, it seems, behind every tree, beyond every shadow, there lies some evil waiting to spring on unsuspecting passers-by. The limbs that had been so lush and green under the hot summer sun now look like enormous arms reaching out to grab me should I dare wander too near.

Beneath the canopy of trees, thin tendrils of light from the August moon permeate the darkness, playing tricks on my tired eyes. To my left, a branch sways back and forth in the wind. I watch it too long, its effect almost hypnotic.

"Did you hear that?" Mike whispers.

I listen, but hear nothing, only the sounds of the night. I hear cracking of dead leaves as they dance across the forest floor on the cool summer breeze, the buzzing of a mosquito in my ear. Somewhere in the distance, a car makes its way down a lonely road.

Minutes pass like hours. Occasionally, Mike nudges me and aims his eyes in one direction or another, or he points at something moving between the trees. Each time he does this, the knot in my stomach grows tighter, the lump in my throat swells even larger. My breathing stops.

Something skitters across the back of my outstretched leg. I turn my head slowly and glimpse an animal, about the size of a small rat, scurrying away. I bite my lower lip to keep from crying out. Under these circumstances, making even the slightest noise can be a deadly mistake.

Suddenly, the deafening silence is pierced by the shrill scream of the trip flare. The sky is instantly lit up like a midday afternoon. My heart leaps into my throat.

Unlike myself, Mike wastes no time collecting his thoughts; he unloads fifteen rounds from his M16 in rapid succession directly at the spot where the flare had been placed. Several other members of the reactionary force fire as well. No one shoots back. As the excitement wanes, there is just enough time before the flare dies out to see a frightened deer bolting into the dense underbrush.

Michael breathes a sigh of relief, or is it a sigh of regret? I check my watch, certain that it must be well after midnight. It's only 10:30, a little less than an hour and a half since we first perched ourselves on the side of this hill.

"Where are they?" I whisper.

"They're playing with us. They're trying to get on our nerves," Mike answers.

"It's working."

"Shhh." He points.

Through the trees, silhouetted against the western sky, I see our enemy. He is a massive man carrying a massive weapon.

"Fire."

"What?"

"Shoot him," Mike whispers.

With my thumb, I switch the lever off safe, onto auto and fire. Twenty hot, empty shell casings fly over my right shoulder in a matter of seconds. Mike shoots immediately after me. The barrels of our weapons are glowing red. Wisps of smoke drift from the muzzles.

This time, the enemy returns fire. His weapon is an M60 machine gun. Before I can reload, a grenade whistles overhead landing with an ear shattering boom only 50 feet away from our position. I had no idea that they would be so loud.

All hell breaks loose. Deeper in the woods, another flare is tripped. For a moment, I am able to get a clear picture of the M60 and its gunner. I fire. He fires back.

"Dammit!"

The familiar beep from the laser equipment and the red light on my vest are going off. I remove the stainless steel key from the box on my M16 and insert it into the device that is piercing my eardrums with its steady, high pitched squeal.

Mike ducks below the bank to reload.

"Open the envelope and read the card."

I comply.

"What does it say?"

"DOA."

Without a word, he begins shooting again. He takes out the M60 gunner only seconds before a grenade simulator explodes less than five feet from his face. His buzzer goes off, but for the moment, he is night blind. I turn off his alarm with my key. The card he is carrying reads: "Massive head trauma. Must receive medical attention within 15 minutes or die."

Twenty minutes later, we are still sitting on the hill. The medics have yet to arrive. More grenades go off all around us; shouting can be heard from the front lines, and another trip flare explodes in the sky. It almost sounds like the Fourth of July celebrations of my childhood back on Fort Bragg.

"What a blast, huh?" Another *dead* soldier says as he meanders over to join us. Soon, we are surrounded by other DOA's and walking wounded.

"Cool man," someone says to Mike. "You finally took out that damn M60."

I watch as they pat each other on the back and give high fives all around. I can not share their enthusiasm. A disturbing image plagues my mind. I can see myself lying dead on the ground with Mike bleeding to death beside me. It is just an exercise, I know, but it is the most realistic exercise I have ever taken part in.

Later, as I lie in my cot, snuggled down in my warm sleeping bag, I can still smell the unmistakable aroma of carbon. The scent is all over me, on my skin, in my hair, it hangs in the air like cigarette smoke in a crowded bar. I long for a hot, cleansing shower. I can hear the voices of the others outside the tent. They are still congratulating each other. Each of them has a different story to tell - all of them anxious to tell it now.

I have no story, no exciting anecdote with which to entertain my constituents. What I do have is a body racked with tremors. My brain is being bombarded with images of these people covered in blood. I can hear them crying out, "Medic."

It is quite some time before I am able to fall asleep. As I lie here, trying to clear my head, I am forced to ask myself what the hell I am doing in a situation like this.

Mike wanders into the tent.

"I was wondering where you'd gone. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I lie. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"You know, the first time I did this, I was a little overwhelmed. It can be kind of, well, scary. It's one hell of a reality check."

"If it's this frightening now, I can't imagine the real thing."

"Oh yes you can, that's what makes it so scary. It's also what makes you ready for it."

"I guess you're right." I try to fake an *I'll be okay* smile. I don't know if he's buying it, though.

"Hey, you were pretty good out there," Mike says on his way out.

"That's what scares me," I whisper to no one.

Reality sinks in. No matter how good I was out there, I was killed in less than five minutes of gun play. Had the scenario been real, right now I would be stuffed in a green plastic bag with a white tag on my big toe that reads KIA, Killed In Action.

Many of my friends would be lying beside me. Or worse, I would still be lying on that hill, my body a cool 60 degrees.

Tomorrow, I would be loaded onto the back of a truck like a sack of potatoes, then shipped home in a pine box. Of course, I would receive a posthumous Medal of Honor for a job well done. At my funeral, there would be a flag draped over my coffin. As my casket is lowered into the ground, the Honor Guard would fire a 21 gun salute, then, a lone bugler would play "Taps."

There is no comfort for me. A cold shiver runs down my spine. How do I rest in peace tonight when, after all, I am dead?

Justice

Gina Maria Tucker

Watching those icicles
Grow along the gutter
Wasn't a sad thing

The Crystals of shiny cold
Reflected winter's clean facade

And the lights of a mid-January sunrise
Cascaded through the daggers
Along the gutter
Onto the snow

And you watched them grow also
Staring cold and mean
Like a dagger

You knocked them down
They crashed upon the ground
Like frozen water daggers
Hitting cold concrete

Then the snow melted
And the garbage that we let accumulate
Was revealed in time for spring

And there was no winter to cover up
Our faults
The meanness and the coldness
That stabs each other like daggers
And you looked at me
With the spring in your eyes
Like justice shedding light
Upon an undecided case

And said it was just frozen water
You were right
It was

Just ice



BED & BREAKFAST
Yen-Ling Mulholland

An Ebony Life

Mary Greyerbiehl

With every lamp in the room turned on, my grandmother sits in total darkness, rocking and listening to her audio tapes. Blind for the last 30 years and just recently turning 94, she is a picture of human decline. I say that kindly, but loving her as I do, it's hard to watch what was a feisty, outgoing woman turn into a dependent passive senior.

Once a very prim and proper lady who wore only the most stylish of clothes, she's now content in sweatshirts and slacks, or preferably a nightgown. There was a time when accessories were of utmost importance, with matching shoes, purse, and jewels. Now, on occasion, her socks match but her shoes may not. In her "younger" years a weekly visit to the salon was a must for perfect hair and nails. Now her hair lies white and flat and her nails are weak and cracked. Although her skin is as soft as velvet, it now lacks the uplifting color that sun and make-up once gave. Instead, she is like a fading rose, with a paleness not only from age but also from her Scottish heritage.

Never a beautiful woman, she knew how to "play up" what she was blessed with and was considered attractive. Now it doesn't matter as she seldom goes out and her visitors are few and far between.

Though it's been many years since her thick glasses were of use, she still continues to wear them. Behind those old lenses her eyes, once sparkling blue, are now just blank and vacant. The majority of time her "mind's eyes" see only blackness, without a hint of light. Recently she's been experiencing mini strokes that cause her to "see" pinks and reds, along with images that are frightening. This is terribly upsetting to her, and unfortunately no cure or magic medicine will prevent it.

Always a very modest woman, Grandmother finds the loss of important bodily functions a source of great embarrassment. Still she is able to keep herself clean and lavishly uses her perfumed powders.

If you catch Grandma on a good day, which is rare, you'd get to glimpse the woman she used to be. Quite intelligent, once a teacher and businesswoman, she likes to be kept up to date on local gossip and worldly news. Given a strong cup of tea, or maybe a potent toddy, she'll visit for hours. Her sense of humor is wonderful, and she's not too prudish to tell some shocking jokes! Never one afraid to speak her mind, she always "tells it like it is." On these up days she likes to have her hair and nails done and make plans that are unlikely to happen. Amazingly, when Grandma is alert, her appetite borders on gluttony and she consumes an enormous amount of

food for her size and age. Surely this is her way of refueling after so many sleep-filled days when she often refuses meals. Her sweet tooth has always been insatiable, although the added calories seem to have no effect. A few years ago she weighed 145, but now is a mere 110 pounds on a five foot two frame.

If left alone at a table, she idly drums her fingers, jangling her loose rings, or flips her dentures around making odd faces. At times like these she'd much rather be dancing the Highland Fling (which she did on her 90th birthday) or playing cards, especially Bridge. So great was her love of cards that as her sight worsened, she resorted to very large print cards and a magnifying glass. Whether sighted or blind, my grandma loved flowers, gifts, and surprises. Her dining room table always had fresh flowers in the middle, usually peonies or yellow roses. Even now, with her sense of smell keener because of lack of sight, she greatly enjoys fragrant flowers.

Sadly, Grandma has more "down" days than "up" days and it's hard to find her alert. Mostly she sleeps, may wake to eat, but returns immediately to bed. When she's up she rejoices in being "a year younger than the year," but also she ponders the reason for her being. With sight, she'd be hard to find as she'd be on a continuous "go," probably traveling and serving people. As she is, life is endless darkness, filled with memories and uncertainties. On upbeat days she delights in being in her own home, having a wonderful friend as her caregiver, and anticipates maybe turning one hundred. On downcast days she longs to "meet her maker," to join her husband and friends in their heavenly place. She says, "I know I'm here yet for a reason, but the reason is beyond me."

Whatever the reason, I'm glad she's been a part of my life and my children's. After caring for Grandma one day, my daughter came home saying, "Mom, you're going to be just like her when you get old!" I'm not sure how she meant it, but I took it as a compliment, although I pray I can see.

What about the Children?

Joe Ann Burgett

"What about the children?" people would ask.
They showed no surprise that we separated and
expressed no remorse that we were being divorced.

It felt shameful and embarrassing and attempts to
avoid family and friends were fruitless...
What would they think? How would they react?

But they asked only one thing...
"What about the children?"
"What will you do about the children?"

And what about the children, I thought.
What about the children in the middle of the night
when angry words and inanimate objects hurtle and collide
around the room?

What about the children when the words "I hate you"
linger in the air between us like heavy fog at dusk.
What about the children?

What about the children who live in the midst of hostility and
hatred, and who are wrapped in chaos and confusion.
Really, what about the innocent children?

What about the children-
when we both behave more like children
than the children...



MC 1942
Melissa Ladensack

"Who can find a virtuous man? for his price is far above rubies..."

Joe Ann Burgett

He was a quiet gentle man, full of warmth with a wonderful sense of humor. He was a man of honor. He was a man who loved his wife and family above all else. If he gave his word, he kept it. If he began a task, he finished it. He was a loyal and faithful man who always told the truth.

When I was little girl I thought he was the tallest man alive. I was certain that if I ever saw God in person he would look exactly like my grandfather. He was actually afraid to hold small babies. And though I don't remember, my mother tells me that I was the first one he ever held. I know it may sound strange, but I actually believe that I remember him walking the floor with me, singing to me and rocking me to sleep. I always knew that way up in his arms and away from whatever threatened me or caused me fear I was always safe from harm.

He spoiled me unmercifully. He and my grandmother gave me every earthly thing they could. Their greatest gift of all was an abundance of love and understanding that had no measure. If I fell down, they picked me up. If I cried, they comforted me. If I demanded my own way, they laughed and then gave in.

For many reasons we lived with them during most of my formative years. They taught me about life and love and laughter. They instilled in me their own deep respect for God and others.

Once, when I was very small, my parents moved our family to Bay City. Before we left, my grandparents taught me their phone number and how to call them collect. This was long before A.T.&T. or 1-800-CallCollect. We practiced over and over again until they were certain I could reach them if I had to. They instructed me to call them if I needed anything. They told me they would drive to Bay City immediately and rescue me.

One afternoon my mother fed me my lunch and tried to put me down for a nap. I asked her if I could have a peach before I went to sleep. Now this was no ordinary peach. This peach was the size of a small cantaloupe that I never could have eaten alone. I am certain that I threw a very large fit. I must admit that I am more than a little stubborn, and I would not give in. Finally, I informed my mother that if she did not allow me to eat that peach I was going to call my grandparents and they would come and get me. By that time, my mother invited me to go right ahead and

call. I called them and they came to pick me up. (I did ask my mother if I could please eat the peach while I was waiting for them to come, because after all, it would be a long time before they would arrive from Port Huron and I would probably get hungry.)

My father loved all of nature. He had a zest for life and a thirst for knowledge that I am certain he inherited from both of his parents. He always enjoyed fishing. When I was not quite five, he took my sister and me downtown and bought us each our own fishing pole and all the equipment any small girl could ever need. We lived in Bay City right on the bay so he marched the two of us down to the riverbank, baited our hooks and left us there to fish. He went to get my mother and tell her to come and see his two little fisherkids sitting on the bank. She wasn't very happy to hear that we had real hooks and live bait on the end of our lines and ordered him to remove it immediately. He returned to find me struggling with a very, very large Northern Pike that had landed on my hook. It would have been difficult at that moment to determine which one of us had caught the other. My father took over and reeled him in. I remember standing on a footstool and leaning way over the side of the laundry tub to poke at the ugly creature. It filled the tub and seemed even more frightening close up. The thing had teeth, big ones. Of course, once again, I made my phone call collect and together they made the trip for a fresh fish dinner and to hear the big fish story first hand.

They both were a constant force in my life. I adored my grandmother. She was always my rock and my guide. But my grandfather had a unique influence over me. I knew he was a man among men. I was in awe of him. I never heard him raise his voice or curse or ever lift a hand in anger. He had a wonderful dry wit. He was more powerful than E.F. Hutton. You didn't just listen when he spoke, more often you listened and then you laughed.

His love for my grandmother was larger than life itself. He was always deeply in love with her and had loved her almost from the moment they first met. I used to watch them together. They didn't have to say it out loud. If she happened to be in the kitchen cooking or baking and he was in the living room watching TV or taking a nap in his chair, they would gravitate to each other and he would embrace her in his big bear hug. They would cling to each other for a few moments and then continue whatever it was that each had been doing. Their home was full of that love. They shared it with everyone who came there. That house was always full of family and friends. Everyone left richer for having been there with them.

When I was ten our house caught on fire and my father was critically injured. It was Good Friday. My sisters and I left the house for a few short hours to visit my grandparents and while we were gone the fire broke out. Everything we had was destroyed.

He was their oldest son. They loved him with the same deep and abiding love they shared for each other and their family. For nearly 96 endless hours they agonized together as he hovered between life and death. Neither their prayers nor medical help could save him. There are no words to describe the feelings that parents experience when they lose a child, no matter what age the child is. Life has no measure for the courage and strength it took to carry on. Our house was gone and life as we'd known it was over. Their home was full of my mother and her four children, as well as all of their family and friends who came to them to be consoled.

I will always remember sneaking downstairs the night my father died. I awoke from a bad dream and wanted to find someone who would tell me that everything would be okay. I had to tiptoe down the stairs and slip through their room to get to the living room to find my aunts. As my feet hit the floor at the bottom of the stairs, I realized that they were lying in their bed. My grandfather's body was wrapped tightly around my grandmother. Neither of them moved or made a sound. The silence in the room was deafening. I was certain that they heard me coming but neither of them spoke or acknowledged that I was standing there at the end of the bed. I knew in my heart that something was dreadfully wrong. With his huge strong arms he wrapped his love around her like a cocoon and enveloped her. Not even their love for me could penetrate that private moment with each other.

I quickly scooted out their door and into the living room where I found not only my aunts but my mother as well. This was the first time I had seen her in the four long days since the house had burned. I knew then for certain that my father was dead. Nothing on earth would have taken all of them away from him at the same time as long as he was living. My aunt quietly told me what my heart already knew. He was gone. The next morning my grandparents got up and took charge of the rest of our lives. All of the necessary arrangements were made and together with my mother they picked up the pieces and went on.

They never fully recovered from losing him. Even though we never talked about him and no one openly grieved it was apparent that a large piece of their lives was missing. There was a giant gaping wound that would never heal.

Two years later my grandmother suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage. It was fatal. My great-grandmother often told me that she thought her daughter had really died of a broken heart. My great-grandmother was a very wise old woman who knew her cherished daughter's heart well. Therefore, if she said it, I knew it was so.

When someone you love so deeply leaves so suddenly there is no time to prepare for the devastation that encompasses you. I still cannot believe that I was unable to tell her just how very much she meant to me or how much I loved her. Once again, I never got the chance to say good-bye.

My counselor at school called me in to her office and told me my grandmother had died and someone came to the school and picked me up. My grandfather wanted to see me and we drove directly to their house. I was in total shock. None of this could be real. Certainly God, as I understood Him, would not do this to me. I needed her. I was certain it must be a cruel joke. When we got to their house I went in like a condemned convict to the gallows. I feared seeing my grandfather because I knew that as soon as our eyes met I would have to admit that she was gone and I would have to begin to let her go. I walked around that room in circles with him silently following behind me. I didn't want to see his face. I didn't want to hear him say out loud that she would never come home again.

Softly, he called my name. I stopped and turned around. There in the same room where laughter had bounced off the walls and love had embraced us all, I stood silent and still while he quietly and simply said, "She's gone."

I never heard him say her name again. We spoke of her, not often in the beginning, but always with great love.

"She would've loved that," he would say if we were watching a beautiful sunset or listening to her favorite music.

Only a part of him was here and more than half of him was gone. She had done everything for him. He'd never written a check or gone to the dry cleaners. The family made several calls to find his good suit for her funeral because she'd taken it to the dry cleaners and he didn't know where it was. She had sent some furniture out for re-upholstering. Before friends and family gathered for her wake, a search was made to find the missing pieces of the living room ensemble. His life had been full of her and now his world was shattered and empty.

He would often take my sisters and me on little trips to see my aunts in Canada. We all tried to fill the big empty vacuum that would never be anything but empty. We collided into each other like people sharing a few

moments together on the bumper cars at the fair. We bounced off each other and then bumped into each other again. None of us knew what to do or what to say, yet each of us knew our lives would never be the same.

Eventually he married again. He had a new life and a new family. It seemed like we drifted apart for a long, long time. Life was like standing on the shore and watching the ice flow down the river in early spring. He seemed to drift further away. Longer amounts of time went by between our visits. As I grew older it seemed as though there was so much we both wanted and needed to say to each other but somehow we never seemed to connect. Our lives were separate, but we still had that one common thread. We still were forever bound by that love we had all shared in those early years. Even though our lives were different they would somehow always remain the same.

I grew older and had my own family. I thought of him often and with great love. Too infrequently, I would take my children to see him and I would see his love for them radiate from his heart through his eyes.

"She would really love them, you know," he said once. Her presence filled the emptiness and sorrow we shared.

He carried clippings from the newspaper about my children in his wallet. I was startled when I saw him pull them out to share at a family gathering. I didn't think he'd noticed the articles much less that he would have taken the time to clip them out. Yet there they were. I knew at that moment that he always carried each of us in his heart.

I am embarrassed and ashamed to admit how much time passed while our lives went on. There was so much, too much, wasted time. I convinced myself that he would always be there. I allowed myself to believe that someday we would all have plenty of time to catch up. Because he had always been there, I thought that he always would.

When he turned 90 the entire family gathered from all over the U.S. and Canada for his birthday celebration. He looked like he was 60. He was in great physical condition. His mind was sharp and his wit still phenomenal. He farmed five acres of land in the summer and worked year round as a security guard at the hospital. I wanted to write an article for the paper to announce how proud we were to celebrate his life. He refused to let me because he didn't want his boss at the security company to find out how old he really was and force him to retire.

Two years later he was still busy working as a security officer except now he'd slowed down a bit and only guarded old ladies at the bingo hall on week-ends. Little did anyone know the old ladies were probably 30 years younger than he was.

He had reduced his garden a little too. Now he only worked two acres instead of five. One day he turned his roto-tiller up full speed and it tipped over and took him with it. He broke some ribs. Never one to complain, he kept his pain to himself and tried to heal his injuries with trips to the chiropractor.

Gradually, he became worse. The days turned into months and eventually his three remaining children returned home to take care of him. Always proud and strong, he was embarrassed to let others feed him or soothe him. That was his job. He had cared for each of us for our entire lives and it wasn't easy for him to let us do the same for him.

We were able to spend time together again. I will always treasure the moment I realized that I was actually sitting in the same room, even though it was a hospital room, with some of the people I had loved most and best all of my life. And there we all were, watching Popeye cartoons, together again. Most of the time we watched his favorite show "The Price is Right." Even though he could no longer talk he would signal with his thumb, up or down, to let Bob Barker know if the price was higher or lower. The time passed quickly as he slowly left us.

One day at the very edge of morning I had a dream. My father and my grandmother had come to see me. I was so excited to see them both. They looked exactly as I remembered, and I wanted to hug them and hold them. I had so much to tell them. I was weeping and trying to tell them both how happy I was to see them again. But they were in a hurry. They were looking for my grandfather. They were anxious to find him and insisted that we all go together to get him. It was a happy-sad dream. I didn't want to leave them. I didn't want to show them where he was, because I wasn't ready yet for him to leave. I was crying when I woke up. I felt an urgency to go see him. I was terrified that he had left and that once again I hadn't had the chance to say good-bye. I dressed quickly and went to the nursing home where he was staying.

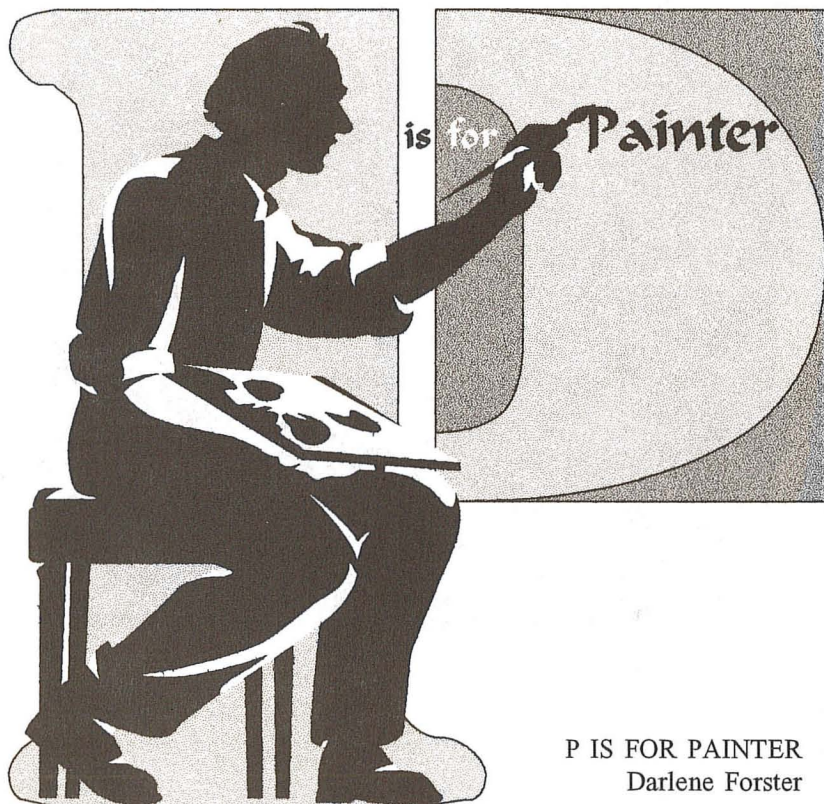
When I arrived I discovered that my aunt was there, and they were waiting for an ambulance to take him to the hospital. I followed the ambulance in my car. There was no siren. Just the long quiet drive to the emergency room.

Time flew quickly by. There was so much I wanted to tell him. I had so many things to thank him for and too many things that I had left unsaid. The empty spaces of time we'd left unfilled startled me with their reality. Where had all that time gone? Why couldn't I slow it down now and hopefully keep him here with me for just a little while?

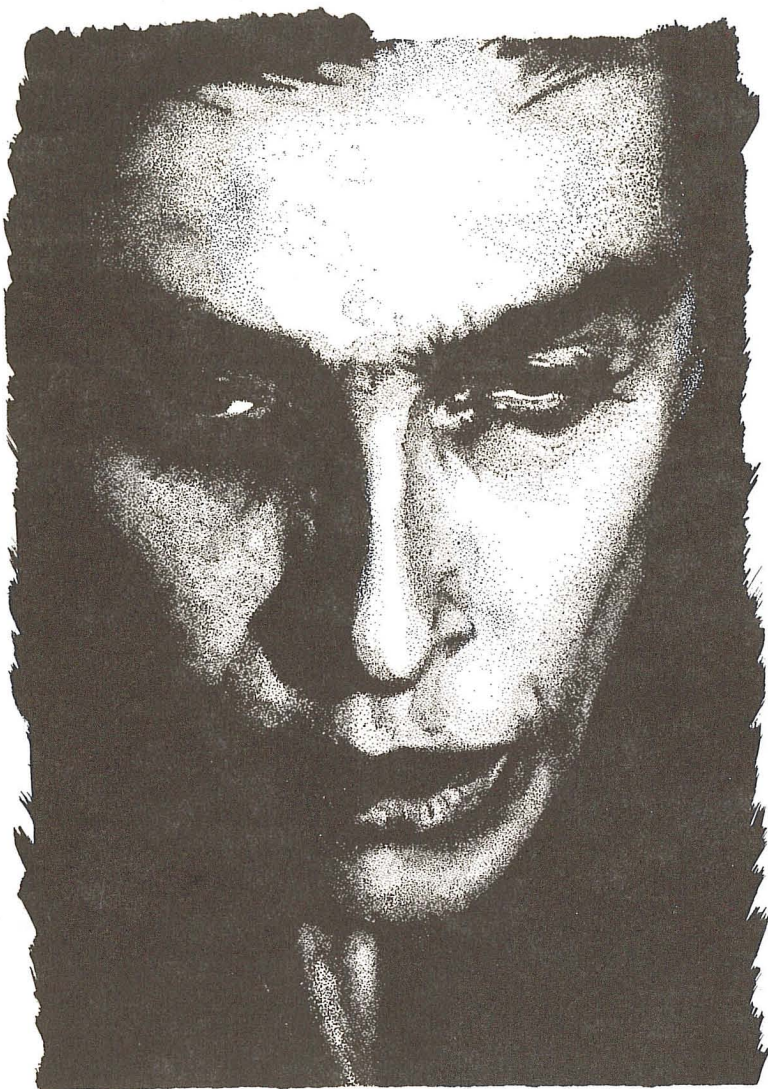
We shared the good old days and laughed about current events. His children and his grandchildren were able to stay with him. We made sure he ate all his favorite foods. We watched over him and waited with him until the time came for us to say good-bye.

At his funeral they played his favorite hymns. His lodge brothers paid tribute to him. He loved country & western music so we played some of that too. He was honored in his eulogy by a life long friend.

That tribute reminded each of us that my grandfather was a quiet, gentle man, full of warmth with a wonderful sense of humor. He was a man of honor. He was a man who loved his wife and family above all else. If he gave his word, he kept it. If he began a task, he finished it. He was a loyal and faithful man who always told the truth.



P IS FOR PAINTER
Darlene Forster



DIAMANDA GALAS
Jason Muxlow

Daddy's Little Girl

Sherry Jones

I had a dream last night. *When will the memories of childhood be resolved? As an adult, I should be capable or understanding, to finally explicate the conflicts. They were innumerable years ago, and sleep is my solace, the only freedom that I sanction. Can't there be peace in those few hours? I'm not four years old anymore.*

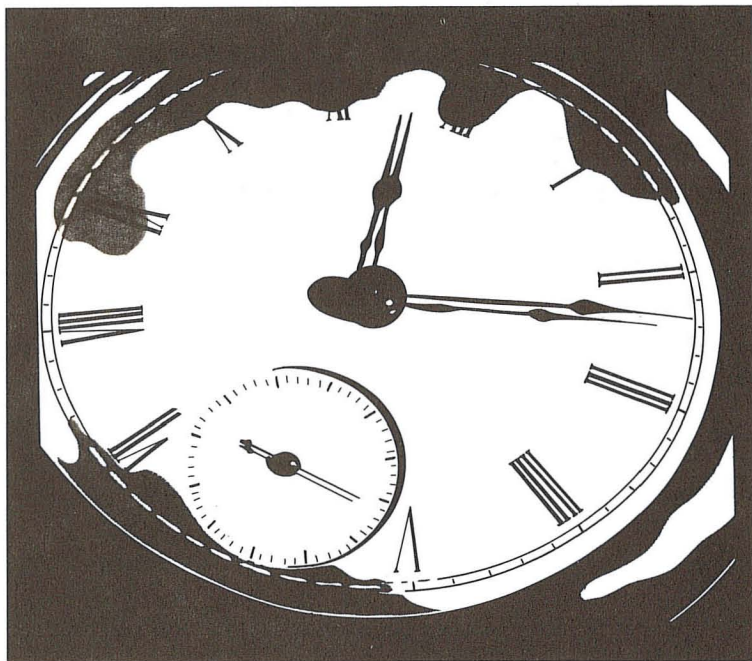
Mom was driving a small car, and I was her front seat passenger. There was a sense of being above the seat, elevated by some entity. *So, if I'm stuck at being four, let's go with it. If I'm ever to understand this child within, and entomb the intrusion of being thrust back into her distorted thinking, I have to feel what she is feeling. Perhaps her innocence can be retained, and her pain laid to rest.* We were traveling slowly, as though on a pleasant Sunday drive. *Where are we going? Are we moving again? I don't understand, and I'm afraid. My siblings are being strong and aren't upset, so I have to be that way, too. They're older, so they know better. Is this my fault? Did I do something wrong? Am I, not pretty enough, or smart enough? I will be better, mama. Please let's just go home, and I will be the best little girl in the whole world. I won't even cry. Why isn't Daddy with us?*

I was all bundled up and superficially secure, with a large wine-colored towel on my lap. *I will sit very straight and be very still. I won't do anything wrong. Daddy told me I could watch TV if I was absolutely perfect, but I wasn't and now he's angry at me. It's all my fault. I was holding coffee in a covered styrofoam cup, but the sides kept 'giving in.' This is too much for me to handle. I'm not like the rest of them, mama. I'm different, but if you find out that I'm not good enough you won't love me either. I'll make sure you don't find out.* I really didn't understand why a child would be entrusted with an adult responsibility, but the cup was in my hands. The sides of the cup were too soft to hold their shape, so even though the lid remained intact, the external portion would collapse, and coffee would spill all over. *There is so much fear inside of me. If you only knew, it would destroy you, and you have too much to handle already. I can take care of myself. The others need you more than I do. I'll be fine as long as you love me.* Not wanting to adversely affect the integrity or appearance of the vehicle, I utilized the towel, which was intended for some other use, to absorb the hot, potentially damaging liquid. *I'm the baby of*

the family. I can make everybody laugh and smile and take their minds off everything that's bad in the world. I can keep them safe. Having intentionally chosen a dark-colored towel to hide the potential staining of the undesired liquid, I made an effort to confine the spillage to the designated area. There has to be a safe place to put my fear, where no one can see it. I won't spill over onto anyone else in the family, mama. They won't have to be stained by the bad part of me. I'll be the best at everything I do, and you will be very proud. I was bounced circuitously with the motion of the vehicle, struggling to maintain some degree of control. Why did Daddy hit you mama? You were just sitting in the big chair in the living room. He yelled, and he hit you. You didn't even move. You just held onto the arms of the chair. You looked so small sitting in that chair, and there was nothing I could do to hold you. I should have been able to stop him, to help you when he was hitting you, but I didn't know what to do. And if he's bad, why do I still love him? I was trying to balance the coffee to keep it from spilling any more. It was hard to concentrate on what mom was saying and what was going on around me. Keeping the guardianship of the cup with all the intricacies involved in my juggling act was becoming an exhaustive effort. I was so small, so insignificant, not at all suitable for that position, yet wholly incapable of egression. If I'm very, very good, maybe the bad things will just leave me alone.

Mom sustained her slow and steady pace, veered slightly to the left, and hit the edge of a wheelchair that transversed from her side of the road. It contained my biological father; not the young man whose face I knew only from the few pictures I had seen, but "Casey," the old man I met in my adulthood. *I sat on the couch, waiting for you, Daddy, but you never came. I stayed there and didn't move, afraid I wouldn't be ready when you came to get me for a visit, afraid I might get dirty if I got down and then you would be unhappy and leave me again.* He seemed undaunted by the slight jolt, the chrome edge of his wheelchair displaying evidence of previous stressors and impacts from a difficult life. *See mama? Daddy doesn't mean to be bad, just can't help it because he can't be any better. Maybe his Daddy was bad to him. Maybe God just made him that way.* I looked up, horrified, powerless at preventing the inevitable. Our vehicle's forward progression was uninterrupted by the impact, moving away from the man in the chair. Through the logic of dreams, he appeared again before us, moving in a direction toward us, but far enough from us to prevent collision. Accepting his fate and our distance, he gave me a smile. In sign-language, I signed "I'm sorry" with my left hand, still balancing the coffee with my right hand still bearing the weight of responsibility. He responded in

Ameslan, a sign language that no one but I understood. The words were unclear, muddled by the deformed hands of a man who had experienced three strokes, but I knew he was saying it was OK. *It wasn't actually my fault after all, was it? My Mom, and the Dad who raised me, contributed toward my becoming the person I am today. If you had participated in my upbringing, I would have turned out quite differently. I'm a phenomenal individual, with a good heart and a tremendous capacity to give and receive affection. Everyone in my life is not going to abandon me, as you did. It's time for me to grow up, to not be four years old anymore. It's time to be happy with me and put you to rest. Good-bye, Daddy.*



AND TIME PASSES AWAY
Trent Ter Haar

Pink

Second Place Tie - Poetry

Scott Zobl

he was old
as grandfathers often tend to be
young at heart
but different than you and me
false teeth
complimented his wise weathered smile
stained work pants
that endured every grueling mile
friends, people
regularly spoke of his continual reliance
the forest,
his playground, now echoes a disturbing silence
a whisker hug
or to hold his trembling leather hand
but to look him in the eye
the only way to even begin to understand
I cannot remember
an instance when he did not have control
time took his life
but it can never take his soul

for Charles "Pink" Delor

I Remember Katie

Anna K. Stiltner

Fifth grade, Mrs. Adelini's class was the first time I had seen Katie. I had heard about her often enough though.

Every school has one, solitary girl or boy that just does not fit in anywhere. Perhaps there is even a whole congregation of several classmates that no one likes to talk to or be seen with because the other kids consider them "worthless" or "scummy." I cannot imagine either one of the latter being accepted as better than the other, but I suppose a congregation of the "worthless" would be best. As least you would have someone to talk to. Katie had one friend, Jenny.

I remember Katie and Jenny had always sat together in the cafeteria for lunch. They sat at opposite ends of an expansive, round lunch table meant to seat about seven or eight kids. The other children crowded themselves into seats at other tables simply because no one wanted to be near them. The two girls never spoke much, and they appeared to only have one thing in common...No one liked them, and they were teased mercilessly to a point beyond any threshold that I, myself, could fathom.

I did not notice anything particularly wrong with Katie, other than the fact that she was slower than the other kids at school and was placed in special education classes. Her clothing was occasionally worn or stained, but that was something only to be expected of an active child.

I remember Katie had long, dark hair. I used to think that she had pretty hair, but I never told any of my friends for fear that they would think I was worthless too. They may have thought I was one of "them." I remember walking through the halls of my elementary school and looking through the large windows surrounding the secretaries' office, I could see Katie seated in a chair. I cannot recall why I was not in class, but I distinctly remember looking through the large windows to witness one of the secretaries standing behind her attempting to pull out the gum someone must have thrown at her in class. Katie's face winced with every tug, and I had thought that she may have been crying for her eyes were red and puffy. Through the thick barrier of plate glass, I could not hear her crying though.

I remember Katie standing alone in the playground, a circle of vicious boys surrounding her, spitting at her. She stood defenseless and frightened. When she had tried to say something to stop all the cruelty, one of the boys

stepped up to her and punched her. Her head had jerked back and to the right, her glasses had been thrown from her face. They lay on the ground next to her as she sobbed.

I had felt really bad for Katie, but I suppose I was just as bad as the other kids that teased her. I knew that she had feelings, and she could feel pain. I knew she cried. I probably could have done something to stop them from hurting her so horribly, but I was always afraid my friends wouldn't like me anymore if I had.

In junior high the cruelty was just as bad. Even though I was a little older and most of my classmates had outgrown the "koodie" games played in elementary school, the only solace I had ever offered her was a quick smile in the hallway. She always smiled back. Things remained the same however. Katie did not escalate up the social scale to a more comfortable camaraderie among her classmates, and she still shared a lunch table with Jenny. She was just a lonesome shadow haranguing around the school, never really connecting with anyone.

When Katie was just 13 she turned to the only kindness anyone had probably ever given her. The whole school was shocked. Apparently Katie was not lying when she had said she had a boyfriend. Everyone thought she was making up stories, just trying to impress us by saying she had a boyfriend. She had said that he lived in another city, that none of us would know him. "He's older," she said. That "boyfriend" was the father of the child she bore, later that same year. He was older...in his thirties. It was just another abuse done to Katie. That was the last year I saw her.

Katie's child should be five or six now and would have started school already. I wonder if Katie cried when she put her baby on the bus for the first day of school? Does she expect the same cruelty to be bestowed upon her child? I wish I had a way to tell her that she did not deserve the cruelty she experienced in school.

I suppose that it is all in the past now, but I cannot stop believing that I could have comforted her a little. If I should see Katie again I don't believe I would bring up the past, however. I would naturally inquire about how she is doing and how her family is. I do not know if she ever had another child, or if she would ever bring another life into this cruel world. I do know one thing however, and that is that Katie never deserved to be treated the way she had been in school. The most tragic thought that had entered my mind, however, was perhaps the other kids do not even remember her. I am sure that all the bullies and conspirators would have remorse for their cruelty, but what if they do not even remember? If they are plagued

by the same memories as I, they must feel just as sorry for Katie's abuse, but does that fix the past? Does that make everything all right? Does that change Katie's memories...The way that I remember Katie?



SPRING
Charles Riffenburg IV

The Thief of Innocence

Karen Galbraith

Darkness, like a spider, weaves its web across the sky.

The crimson sun descends.

The moon hides behind menacing clouds.

It is time for the creatures of the night to awaken.

The vampire begins his hunt for human blood,

The witch flies off to join the Sabbat,

The devil dances on the graves of martyrs,

The thief crawls out of a whisky bottle.

His prey lies in her bed, unable to sleep.

Mother is gone; she knows he will come.

Footsteps in the hall,

the doorknob turns.

A sliver of light pierces the darkness.

Her body trembles.

The thief's hands are cold,

His breath hot.

The child's innocence is stolen.

She prays for death, for release.

The fires of hell could not compare.

Resistance means punishment.

Punishment means bruises, cigarette burns, the belt.

The thief takes what he wants.

He leaves her to wallow in self-pity and shame.

Silent tears fall onto her pillow.

The child soon finds slumber, but never repose.

The thief will return when, again, madness calls.

Father will become thief when, again, darkness falls.

Shadows on the Wall

Second Place - Short Story

Sherry Jones

Shelly sat in the dark, watching the moonlit shadows frolic across her living room walls. There was a warm breeze choreographing the trees' movements as they playfully caressed the night sky. She wished to be with them, be one of them, be a part of something bigger and more valuable than herself. The darkness had become too void of light or hope lately, and her usually strong shoulders began to buckle beneath the weight of too many expectations. Perfection was a standard that was becoming tiresome and unrewarding. Too many people wanted a piece of her, and there was only so much to go around. She picked up the phone and carefully dialed.

"Hi, John. How is life in Bryn Mawr? I just have a quick question, if you have a minute. Does God forgive you for killing yourself? I mean, because you don't have a chance to ask for forgiveness after the fact, since you'd already be dead. I just want to make sure."

John and Shelly had been friends for about two years. They met at a church revival meeting, and John was the more spiritually advanced of the two. Shelly often asked him complex questions about her new-found, new-born life. More often than not, John got back to Shelly after consulting with his dad or some other more learned and experienced member of the Oversight. This last question required an immediate response, and John was not prepared.

"I don't really know, Shel. I guess I'd never given it much thought. I mean, you're not talking about *you* are you? This is all completely hypothetical, isn't it?"

Shelly felt a little pang of guilt at having involved a totally innocent party in her plan. She had wanted this to be a completely private affair, and had gone to great measures to assure that the contrivance would be flawlessly and covertly executed. Her recent oral surgery provided a full bottle of prescription pain-killers, and she had done her homework on the medication's effects.

"No, John. It isn't hypothetical. I have a bottle of 30 very pretty little pills that will assure my stepping over to the other side. I called the poison control hotline, actually, and gave them a story about my ex-husband taking the pills from me. I told them his height and weight, and asked what I should look for as far as symptoms go. He's heavier than me, so I figured the effects they described would be intensified. I guess I wanted

to be sure not to botch it and end up a veggie or something. Anyway, they told me that the breathing would become slower and slower until it eventually stopped. Then the heart would stop. All very clean and peaceful, thank you very much. I didn't really want to tell you what was going on, but you're the only person who I can ask about God and stuff. So tell me, if I willingly kill myself, knowing that it's wrong, will God be angry with me? I mean, it's not like I could lose my salvation or anything, could I?"

"You can't lose your salvation, Shelly. God's gifts aren't returnable. But I don't know if it would be... if it would have any... I can't say for sure if...I really need to talk to my dad, Shel."

"I don't want you to do that. Please promise me, John, that you're not going to tell anyone. They'll all find out soon enough, and they'll be momentarily surprised, and then they will forget. They will probably say it was just as well, 'she wasn't one of us, after all -- she's been divorced, you know.' Besides, I don't fit. I'm not part of your world, and mine just doesn't make sense anymore. I'm tired. I'm just so very tired. So tell me, does it make a difference or not? To God, I mean. Does it mean that I'm not going to be well-received in Heaven? I need to know *now* if God will forgive an intentionally committed sin."

"Why now, Shelly? Can't you wait? Besides, I need to know something. I need to know if *you* will forgive *me*." John's anxiety continued to rise as he realized this was not something he could pass along for stronger hands to handle. He was used to handing problems off to God, and waiting patiently for His timing. For some unknown reason, he felt partially responsible for his friend's apparent despondency.

"Forgive *you*? For what? You've done nothing that warrants being forgiven, John. You've been a wonderful friend, and I've enjoyed our times together."

There was a long silence as Shelly began to swallow the pills. she wasn't sure if she should do it daintily, one by one, or just tilt the bottle back and take them in one gulp. From somewhere, tears began to well up in her eyes, and her throat closed a little as she tried to choke them back. Swallowing the pills all at once was definitely too difficult; she opted for three at a time.

"What are you doing?" John feared the answer, but asked anyway.

"Taking the pills, John. Violence is not my bag. I want to go to sleep and wake up in Heaven. Remember the scriptures? It's a place of 'no more tears, no more crying.' There will be no more pain. I can't be what everyone expected me to be *here*. I'm human. I thought I could fly until

someone told me I couldn't, and I've been falling down ever since. Maybe part of telling you was because I knew you couldn't stop me. Pennsylvania and Michigan are pretty far apart."

Shelly was right; there was really no way for John to intervene. He didn't want to let her go without a fight, but he'd never had to fight before... and he quite virtually didn't know how. Living with his parents and sister in a beautiful quad-level home in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia, he had been brought up with all the creature comforts. The year between college and grad school was spent touring Europe. John owned several dark suits with properly starched white shirts and traditional ties -- the accoutrements befitting an up-and-coming architect, and acceptable for his hours in the pulpit as a lay minister. All of John's battles were handled on his knees.

John tried to remember if there was anything he could have done differently, any way he could have been a better friend to Shelly. He had written her once a month, even sending a sketch he'd rendered of a bridge and peaceful hillside in Wales. She framed it and told him she would cherish it always. Shelly had flown to Bryn Mawr last winter to ski. The snow had melted, but they had a wonderful visit, and Shelly had promised to come back when John could assure something better than mud-slopes. His past and hers, the differences in their lifestyles and upbringing, and memories of the two years they had shared as friends melted together as John struggled to find something to say. Now, facing the harsh reality of the world outside his cozy, protected existence, he had no words.

"John, have I ever told you about my front door?" Shelly tried to offer John comfort through distraction -- and possibly explanation-- in what was proving to be a very difficult situation for him.

"Your door? Do you really want to talk about your *door*?"

"You should see it, John. It's a very old door, filled with character, yet a little worse for the wear and weather. Have you ever thought about what a door represents? Your perceptions decide whether it is an opportunity or an obstacle. It can be a portal, or a gateway to a purpose beyond yourself and your limited concept of time and place. It's the passageway from an area that is open and seen to an unknown. What lies behind the door is subject to a million variables that change with each moment, adapting to the specifics and influence of each life force that passes by. My door leads to a dominion that no one else would understand unless they passed through to experience it themselves, and I can assure you no one would want to. Anyway, this door has a diamond-pattern etched in smoked and clear glass. As the moon passes through the night sky, the diamonds

change shape and position on the wall. They are my own shining stars, set in the night sky that surrounds me. I've been watching them tonight, along with the shadows the trees make as they move with the wind. I can make my own falling stars, and wish on them every night. It's sort of like creating your own reality, I suppose. Sometimes, though, the diamonds look like mysterious, unforgiving eyes watching me wherever I go. No rest for the wicked, right?"

John had only been half-listening as Shelly's words became more deliberate and her voice softened to a whisper. He was trying to attract his dad's attention as he passed down the hall by John's bedroom. John took a tablet from his desk drawer, quickly scribbling, 'Shelly--took pills. What do I do?' His dad wrote back, 'where is she,' and John answered, 'home.' As John's dad penciled 'WHERE IS HOME?' John handed over his address book, opened to Shelly's address. Dad whispered, "hang up," and John, offering an excuse about his father wanting him off the phone, quickly complied.

Shelly put the phone back in the cradle and finished the bottle of pills. The water tasted bitter as she washed them down, and she found herself surprised that it wasn't sweet. After all, she made her decision, and the hardest part was past. The notes were written, the flat was company clean, and all evidence of any possible indiscretions was long out of sight. The world would soon be behind her. The world, with all its tentacles pulling her away from everything that might have been good and worthwhile, would not extract another ounce of flesh. She had sacrificed herself to please humanity, and humanity just wiped its feet on her and walked away.

The shadows on the wall began to dance anew with a rhythmic blue light. Peeking out the window, Shelly watched a cruiser park in front of her flat. Two uniformed officers approached the front porch, saying to one another that it didn't look like anyone was home, but a complaint was filed so they had to check it out. Walking quickly to the back door, she slipped outside as the officers knocked loudly on the front screen door. She knew it would be only seconds before they came in, because Shelly never locked her doors when she was home. Trusting everyone was one of the reasons she became such an accomplished doormat. Hearing the front door open, Shelly jumped the back fence and ran down the alley.

It was amazing how quickly the neighbors, who never knew Shelly existed before, suddenly took great interest in her visitors. A second cruiser had arrived in the time it took her to walk down the alley, around the block,

and stand with the forming crowd about six doors away. Two of the officers stood in the front yard talking as the other two checked the back yard and talked to the tenant in the upper flat.

"So what's going on?" asked one of the onlookers, to no one in particular.

"Couldn't tell ya," responded another, "but those cops came in pretty fast. Maybe it's a drug bust or something."

Shelly stood listening to the theorists and their proposals, occasionally joining in to giggle about how their dull neighborhood was enjoying a few moments of notoriety. These unknowing souls were joined because of a fissure in one young woman's life. In a single moment, the seams of her being burst apart, and there was no one to mop up the mess. They didn't know her before, didn't ask who she was as she became part of their circle in the night, and didn't notice that she was the only one among them not wearing shoes.

Shelly walked back down the alley. The hop over the fence was a little more difficult as her energy seemed to float visibly out the ends of her fingertips, back into the cosmos. It was, after all, not hers to keep, but only loaned for the time she walked this earth. 'There is a balance in the universe,' she would always say. 'What you put out comes back to you ten-fold.' She had always been the giver, never asking for anything in return, hoping only that you would accept her gifts without chastising her for giving them. Now she prayed for a smooth transition into the next phase of her spiritual walk, wishing not to be rebuked for taking a side step away from the path she had been set upon.

"She's not here." Shelly listened to the officers from her post outside the kitchen window, dumbfounded that these professionals couldn't find a 103 pound female who stood only two feet away from them. "If people want to kill themselves, *let 'em*. I just wish they would do it and get it over with. Less paperwork for me, less hassle for everybody else. If people are that crazy, we're better off without them anyway."

The words stung a heart that Shelly thought was beyond feeling. The suffering had become intense, and the pain pills were just beginning to blunt the ache of open emotional wounds. The old coping mechanism, to clinically over-intellectualize, fell away with the dulling of the pills. She sat on the back stoop, the weight of her head in her hands, feeling the chill of the night air coldly reminding her that she was still a part of their humanity. She pitied their lack of insight or understanding. The difference between them and her was actually very small, in spite of their having reached the conclusion that she was 'crazy.' Sanity is a fleeting thing, after

all, and no one who knew Shelly would ever have labeled this bright, energetic, overachieving girl, who had 'everything going for her,' as 'crazy.' Shelly dragged herself back inside, curled up on the couch with a familiar old comforter, and phoned John.

"You called the police, didn't you?"

"My dad did, Shel. Don't be mad at me. Do you forgive me? Please, it's very important to me to know that I've been forgiven."

Shelly thought it strange that she was dying, and the last person she would speak to on this earth was concerned about being forgiven for his sins. The last tear fell and Shelly took a wonderful, deep breath, feeling it fill her lungs and then exit to the edge of the horizon.

"You're forgiven, John. Now I'm going to sleep. I'm tired, and I can't think any more."

As she fell into the sweetest sleep she had ever known, Shelly watched the shadows of trees and diamonds sparkle with life on the walls, inviting her to join them. She reached up toward the dancing shapes as they beckoned, wondering if they were really shadows, or perhaps an apparition of outstretched hands offering forgiveness. To each entreaty, she gratefully accepted.

Long Island
First Place - Poetry
Chris Dalton

lying on our bellies in the sand
I feel the heat of the ocean bake my skin
to amber numbness
the warmth is intense enough to lull me
into narcoleptic passivity
the gentle tug of the waves on shore beat a softened rhythm
my eyes ache from the glint of "sun diamonds"
inundating a billion grains of white velvet sand
his voice beside me is barely audible
I turn my head to listen and receive a playful kiss
on reddened cheek
we sleep for hours in silent comfort
the weight of his possessive arm around me
stirs me to wakefulness slowly and reluctantly
the dunes have darkened-
the day's sun has blushed fuschia and hissed
reticently into the Long Island Sound
the waves have increased their tribal beating of the shore
and a million singing insects explode into cacophonous arias-
he says he can hear the wings of a moth-
I answer that I can hear the heartbeat of God



FISH PARTS
Alex LeTourneau

The Making of a Label

Valerie A. Peck

The scorching sun was causing a river of perspiration to flow down my back. My arms, feeling like the arms of an orangutan, were hanging down almost to my knees. My thirst level had never been so high, and my entire body screamed to stop and lay down. Why had I agreed to this? Why did I hate my body so? They call this fun??? Yes, I had succumbed to that game called golf. This was my first game, and I had swung that metal shaft called a club over 100 times in an effort to get that white orb down to the next hole, and the next, and the next. Would this never end??? Then finally we reached the 9th hole and the game was done. Would I come back and play again? Would I put my poor racked body through this agony again? Oh, Yes! I had had one good drive; the ball had sailed so high, had gone straight down the fairway (I kept calling it freeway), and it had covered so much distance. I knew what it felt like to be a pro. I was on my way. Val, the Golfer!

There have been many changes in my life since that incredible day about nine years ago. I now find when the month of April comes around it is almost like Christmas because of the excitement of joining the Tuesday Night Women's League: Golf! Eight years ago I joined the league when my girlfriend explained I would be playing on my own with no partner, and therefore, would not be hampering anyone's chances of winning due to my lack of skill. I would be my own worst enemy, and this proved to be true the first year. By the time the league was over for the year, my standing was second to last (I thought that was pretty good), but also, my average for the league's games had dropped from 100+ to about 80+. I was very impressed and decided perhaps this weekly outing would keep improving my average over a period of time. In the years to follow, my average did improve. This year I was able to hit in the low 60's and high 50's. I ended up third out of a group of 37 women and had my best year ever. Playing with my husband, Ted, one day I was even able to play a 49. Yes, I did a small dance on the course when we tallied the score. I was difficult to live with for a few days. What a glorious feeling!

I enjoy having this golfing label for another reason also. The Tuesday night ritual has proved to be a very relaxing and sometimes necessary escape for me. It is my time, in my space, just for me. It gives me time

away from stresses of daily living. This proved to be especially true when our daughters were in an auto accident and our youngest suffered a closed head injury. The accident happened July 31, 1990. I quit golf and stayed with our daughter in Saginaw until she was transferred to South Macomb Hospital in September. The following April I again signed up for league play. Many were very surprised since Jen was still hospitalized and we were still maintaining a hectic schedule of daily hospital visits, meetings with doctors and therapists, and searching for a group home for her. (A group home was necessary for Jen to have further training in her fight for recovery after her discharge from the hospital.) However, getting outdoors, exercising by walking the course, and being with the girls on the league, proved to be wonderful therapy for me. It was my chance to stop the world, take a deep cleansing breath, and escape for a short time each week. My only job was to concentrate on that small ball and the challenge of putting it in the cup on each green. It proved to be a necessary distraction that helped me maintain my sanity during a very difficult time in our lives.

I have also found that the label of golfer has challenged me to become a better organized person. Our golf league meets on Tuesdays and we must tee off by 6 p.m. Usually, though, we tee off no later than 5 p.m. Because our daughters were still at home when I first started golfing, it meant getting home from work early (my boss at that time was great by letting me leave work a half hour early during golf season) and fixing dinner and making sure they had something to keep them busy until Ted got home from work. I had to have my golf equipment ready and in the car so I could leave as soon as I had changed clothes. Now, however, the girls are no longer at home, and Ted is very willing and capable of fixing his own dinner. He is also very understanding of my golf night because his golf league is on Thursdays. I now also have a different job and with it came having Tuesdays off. My only problem currently is making sure I watch the clock and don't get into a project at home or away that will make me late for my game. More than once I have had to really burn gravel to get to the golf course on time. I think I did better when I had more to do before I played. I believe I'm better organized under stress.

Becoming a golfer has also been good for our marriage. I was the first in our family to experience golf. I came home excited, to say the least, after that first game and told Ted what a great sport it was and that it would be a great game for us to play together. Ted said he could not see what fun it would be chasing a little white ball around the course and that he really wanted no part of it. Well, I thought he should give it a try and for his birthday gave him a present of cheap golf clubs and some

"little white balls" to chase around the local course. The first game was not a total success. Ted is a tall man with great arm muscles. He swung that club so hard I could not believe the sound as the ball sailed by me! The only problem was with all the power and strength came the most dreadful slice you had ever seen. His ball went directly to the right instead of straight and was instantly lost in the ditch that lines the right side of the entire course. This occurred with each hole and I'm afraid Ted was not happy to be wearing the label of golfer that day. However, as he is not one to give up on a challenge, he continued playing, and by the end of the second game we played together, he found control in his swing and succeeded in beating me.

Ted and I started playing golf on Sundays when we were able and now find it to be a wonderful time to spend together. We offer each other suggestions in our swings, stances, and approaches to the green. This time together had given us an opportunity to have conversations about ourselves, our two girls, and just about life itself. It is relaxing being outside together; enjoying the beauty of the course and the nature that comes with it. There have been courses that had hill after hill, leaving us with little knowledge of where the green was since it was never in sight. One course we have played at is nicknamed "the cow pasture" due to its being so flat and in dire need of greens work. Our concentration has been interrupted several times by the sounds of the geese landing in the pond next to us. There was a snake on one green that continued to slither its way across the green as I kept putting and missing due to his presence. We have played in the rain, in the sunshine, and even a little snow one day (that was a big surprise). It has all been fun, and it feels especially good spending time together as a couple like we did when we first met.

Being a golfer has also done something for me as a person. I have always enjoyed the challenges of improving myself, whether it be something mentally or physically. Golf is both a physical and a mental game. Physically it was a challenge because I was fast becoming the secretary behind the desk with little or no exercise and afraid of that old cliché of the "secretary spread." I did little in the area of exercise outside of shopping and running after the family dogs when they got loose. To have to face walking nine holes of golf while also swinging a club at least 80-some times in the beginning was a real challenge and I honestly did not know if I was capable or not. I certainly was exhausted those first times and still am the beginning of every season. But I find as the season progresses, I handle it better, and by the end, I am doing a great job and feel so much better for it.

Mentally the game is a great challenge. I have found that golf is not just walking up to the ball and hitting. A golfer first looks at the lie of the ball and decides if there are any hazards in the way. If there are hazards, what is necessary to get over or around them must be determined. Then you must judge the distance that is left to make it to the green and into the cup. Once that is decided, the next task is to pick the appropriate club that will make the distance and give you the roll to hopefully make it into the cup or at least up close for an easy putt in. To putt, one must check the slope of the green, guess the fastness of the green and the distance to the cup. The answer to these will help you to know at what speed you should hit the ball toward the cup. Understanding the mental game of golf has come with time; but, as I have learned, so has my game improved. Each year I have seen improvement and only wish it could be a year round game because physically I need the exercise and want to improve on my game average.

Little did I realize when I picked up that first club nine years ago that I would be wearing the label of golfer for years to come. I had no idea the effect it would have on me: that I would use it as an escape mechanism to help survive personal upheavals, as a tool for maintaining my physical well being, and, that it would become such a wonderful pastime for my husband and I to enjoy so much together. It is a label I wear proudly and encourage everyone to give it a try.



TOOLS
Dan Presley

Profile

Kenneth M. Muszynski

All the leaves have changed color and the wind blows a chill foreshadowing winter. Somber music can be heard drifting through the air. This is a place outside normal time and emotion, where inhabitants wallow in grief and perpetual melancholy, a melancholy with no meaning, no past, or reason. This is a place called Sunday.

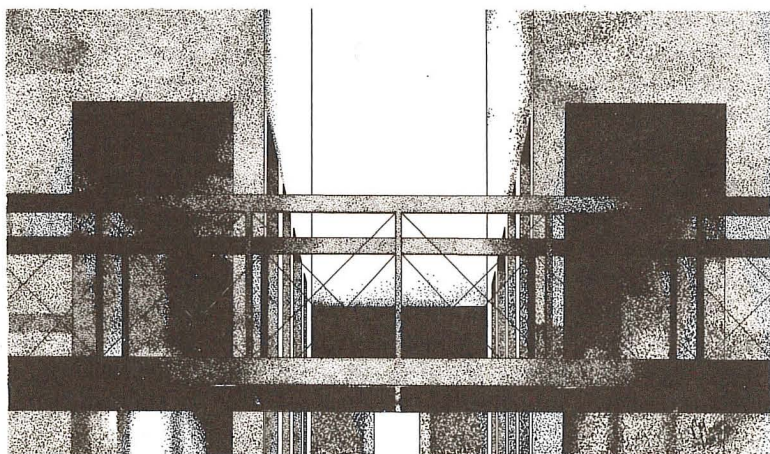
"The thing that scares me the most," reflects The Man, "is that phrase, I can't remember exactly how it is, that mentions a '... month of Sundays...' This to me is the most horrible thing that I could imagine. I don't think I could handle it; I'd commit suicide after the first week." He says this while walking through a dark amber field of hayweed and scrub brush. The blue sky that follows him is so dull that it is almost the color of steel, and yet, is cloudless. The sunlight, so bright, offers no warmth, only a bleaching quality that highlights the anguish of existence. As he walks, the long stems and leaves whisk against his trousers and the wind whistles a soft lament in the bough of a dead tree. There are no birds.

"Sometimes I feel fear," he continues, "fear and regret, longing and lonesomeness, for better days and better places long since forgotten but never visited. It's hard to describe unless you've been there." He is in his twenties with short hair and a sad look in his eyes. Like others, The Man hates Sunday but at times longs for and welcomes its lonely embraces.

"Mostly I go there after visits with my family," the Woman-Inside-the-Man reflects, "and it's like a heavy weight upon my bosom." She indicated her breast with her hand, fingers open to add emphasis, otherwise she is motionless. She sits at a plain table in a wooden chair staring out a cracked window at the field gone wild. "I don't hate them, actually they're some of the nicest people I've ever met. But I can't shake this feeling of wanting to run away, run as far as I can. I don't know where I'd go or even if it'd matter if I could go because I would always be at Sunday."

It's not really a place you can drive to, or even walk to, but many people go there to brood. It's more of an emotional place that comes to you and won't leave; a swirling place of despondency that boils up from your innards and sets into your mind. The people here view everything as worthless and grey, a sad outlook on a dismal existence.

This may seem like a fictional place but it is just as real as your grandmother's house, and probably just as close. It is more real for some and holds a bitter-sweet place in our hearts. I know I go there every week.



1 PT. PERSPECTIVE
C. Michael Jahn

Tarnished Silver

First Place - Short Story
Chris Dalton

It is a cold day to work in the garden. The ground gives stubborn resistance to the "whish-thug" of a persistent shovel disinterring its bowels. The growing season is long over, but the harvest still yields many a delectable meal with the staples he grew from seeds. I watch his gnarled, mottled hands swing the weeds to one side. He bends painfully to wrench those remaining few which have grown deep enough to qualify for squatter's rights. This is, after all, *his* land, and the garden became his colicky infant of sun and sufficient rainfall.

He stops to swab his reddened face, networked with a hundred worry lines he attributes to his children. A chilling rain has started to fall, and an autumn wind sends leaf piles into swirling, golden whirlpools. The digging is resumed with comparable tenacity. It is growing dark sooner now, and the soft teasing rays of an October afternoon have long since stilled to violet twilight. I know he will toil far beyond any reasonable length of time. I hear the grinding stone sharpening his axe to cut the pungent cords he feeds his wood stove downstairs. The air is permeated with the sweet smell of cherry, and the smoke-house acridness of hickory. One task after another is dutifully performed to his peculiar standards.

Many hours later, the "stomp-clomp" of his boots bang loudly through the back door. I hear a long, weary sigh as his coat is hung on it's rightful peg, and his cap is placed over that. His breathing is hoarse and hitching. I think it is the saddest thing I have ever heard. We are reminded of our own short, sweet mortality when we hear the labored breaths of a bone-tired soul.

I know he is hungry, and I offer a steaming bowl of vegetable soup I have made from his garden's bounty. We eat our meal together and talk of nothing. He says very little of the woman who has been his life's blood for nearly 50 years. His every move is performed with the deliberate solicitude of an anguished stranger. Reaching for his coffee cup, the huge, leathery hand shakes. The cup is replaced too abruptly in the saucer, and I stare at the floor, awkwardly silent. He is a victim of retirement, and my heart aches to see him so lost. He and I know of his arcane anarchy.

He had been a skilled tradesman for decades. The union meetings, of which he was a steward, and the labor conflicts and ensuing strikes, have all long since been resolved, reluctantly so, on his part.

The handkerchief that wiped the sweat off his brow earlier, now daubs the lenses of his glasses, then finally, the soft brown eyes I have known all my life. "She'll be okay," I volunteer. He does not reply. His thoughts are gone from me now and are his alone. He sees the smallish woman with the copper hair dancing near the lake that night. He feels his heart race, as her cat-green eyes are on him when he haltingly approaches her door. He knows how his pulse thumped in his temples the day he asked her to be his wife. He feels the hot, angry tears of his newborn daughter, as he cradles the life he helped create.

I know he thinks these things, and I know he grieves with remorse at every unkind word, and unattained promise. "We'll go tomorrow," I say to the night. He nods his head slowly, stirring from his private reverie. She would want me to care for him, as he feels the need to comfort me. "Tomorrow is time enough," he agrees, "she's always had to wait for me."

Later, after hot showers, and hot rum toddies, I rise from my chair near the fire, and step over to him sleeping peacefully in his recliner. "Daddy," I whisper, "it's time to call it a day." He takes each step in a plodding, heavy gait. I am saddened to realize both my parents have become older. Something we hate has hospitalized my mother 60 miles away. A lonely heart is ailing my father, and each day without her is his living hell.

As I put out the fire and turn out the lights, my eye catches their wedding picture framed on the wall. I pause and smile, thinking of young hearts dreaming, and untethered vows. Somehow, I have failed to see that the silver frame has tarnished.

I Am

Jennifer Kallal

I am cut,
I am bleeding.
I am wanting,
I am needing.
I am not black,
I am not white.
Through shades of gray,
I shine my light.
I am dark,
I am death.
I am taking
Your last breath.
I am savage,
I am crude.
I am uncouth,
And I am rude.
I am fire,
I am ice.
I am why
You should think twice.
I am evil,
I am shadows.
I am the frowns
Upon the widows.
I am destruction,
I am pain.
I am ignorance,
I am shame.
I am ruthless,
I am wrong.
You are weak
While I am strong.
I am war,
I am killing.
I am blood
When it is spilling.

I am heartless,
I am bad.
I have a soul
That's ironclad.
I am immortal,
I am cruel.
I am the genius -
You're the fool.
I kill my victims
To have fun.
The power's in the mind,
Not in a gun.
I am torture,
I am greed.
Once again,
It's time to feed.
I am vicious,
I am hexed.
It's time to eat,
And you are next....

ONION DREAM
Yen-Ling Mulholland



THE FLYING BIRD
Yen-Ling Mulholland

Can We Be Certain?

Second Place - Essay

Charles Riffenburg IV

Since the very beginning, science has been about discovering, recording, and understanding phenomena. In biology, animal species are classified into specific groups, species, families, and kingdoms. In chemistry, there are over one hundred elements neatly arranged by atomic number, weight, orbitals, and bondability into a periodic chart. And when it comes to physics, the wonderful equations of Isaac Newton spring to mind, putting in a car's velocity and mass and churning out a number for force correct to the farthest decimal place. So a common misconception is that as society moves forward, our science becomes more structured and easy to understand. But then there's quantum physics.

Quantum physics is the rebel in this group, the thorn among the orderly flowers of science. Quantum physics deals with the undefinable, the unpredictable, the unknowable. Since the beginning of this century, quantum physicists have been replacing familiar, comfortable theories with new ideas that not only hold up much better in the subatomic worlds, but also twist the mind in knots. The things that happen in the domain of the proton, neutron, electron, and photon have very little to do with what we can see around us. Thus most of the modern theories about the subatomic world are difficult to understand in terms of our everyday world.

This break from the established norm permeates to the very core of quantum physics. In Newtonian physics, there is no such thing as probability. Using Newton's formulas, we could easily map the life of any particle we wished with little or no uncertainty. However, for particles as small as, say electrons, Newton's formulas come up with the wrong answers. The only way to map the life of a particle is through prediction and statistics, making educated guesses. Doesn't sound much like established science, does it?

One of the central theories in quantum physics is Werner Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, which states that "it is impossible to determine simultaneously both the momentum and the position of a quantum object with perfect precision" (Peterson 118). The equation is given as $p \times \Delta x \geq \frac{h}{4\pi}$, where p is position and q is momentum.* But what does this mean in everyday terms?

In physics, momentum and position are conjugate variables, as are energy and time. What this means is that when they are multiplied together they equal action. Any such pair of variables in the quantum world fall under the jurisdiction of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. Another way to word this rule is that the degree of certainty of our measurements must add up to 100%. We can know the position of a particle with a 50% degree of certainty and the momentum of the same particle with a 50% degree of certainty. We can be 77% sure that we know it's energy, but we'll only be 33% sure of the time it had this energy. We can know either variable with 100% accuracy, but then we'll have no clue what the other one is. This isn't a challenge to our scientific equipment or the ability of a physicist, it's just the way things work. As Gribbon puts it, "There is no absolute truth at the quantum level" (120).

For example, let's look at a simple little electron. To start with, an electron is not a hard little ball that orbits around a tightly packed little nucleus of protons and neutrons to form an atom. This picture is a very common misconception and has been floating around the minds of most everyone for almost a century. In reality, this picture is over 60 years out of date. First of all, electrons don't orbit. This idea comes from thinking that each atom is its own little solar system. No! The truth of the matter is that scientists aren't completely sure what the inside of an atom does. But the electrons don't orbit. And they're not nice neat little balls of electric charge either. They're not even particles! At one time it was theorized that electrons were waves, like radio waves or X-rays. This was not true either. As it turns out, electrons can behave like particles or waves, but they're neither. We don't know what they are, and this ignorance is directly linked to Heisenberg's theory.

Now that we know the truth about the electron, let's attempt to measure it. One of the things that the uncertainty principle will not let us do is look at an electron as a wave and a particle. There is a classic experiment dealing with this called the double slit experiment. It's set up so that there's a wall of some sort with two holes in it sitting in front of a screen. If we shoot electrons at the wall, they will behave like waves. Just like a wave in water, the electron spreads out and goes through both the holes in the wall. On the screen, this shows up as bands of light and dark. However, if we set up detectors at each of the holes, and then shoot electrons at the wall, the electrons becomes particles. The electron will go through either one hole or the other and form a dark spot on the screen, not wavy bands. When we measure position, the momentum inherent in the wave disappears. Heisenberg at work.

Another way to look at it is practically. When we say that we observe an electron, we're being whimsical. Electrons are so small that we cannot hope to actually observe one. But if we could, we would need to bounce light off the electron. That's how we see, by observing light which has bounced off of an object. We can look at, say, this paper, and what we're looking at is so large that the light hitting it doesn't do much. But electrons and photons (photons are light particles) are, in the overall scheme of things, not much different in terms of size. So if we were to bounce light off of an electron in order to measure its position, the electron recoils from the light, like one basketball hitting another, and changes everything.

Generally, we can look at all of this quantum hullabaloo and refuse to believe any of it. After all, it doesn't appear in anything that we can see around us, right? Sure, in classical Newtonian physics we can measure a car's mass and speed and momentum and position and anything else with such a degree of accuracy that we can ignore Heisenberg's uncertainty principle completely. The error in our measurements will be 10^{-27} units off. Any Newtonian physicist would be happy with those terms. But in perspective, one hydrogen atom weighs about 6×10^{-23} gram, and an electron is about 125th of that weight, or nearly 5×10^{-25} gram. Once we start dealing with things that small, 10^{-27} units does make a difference.

Certainly, this vision of science is not what many people think of when they imagine the future. Science fiction has led the populace to believe that, with all of the modern day breakthroughs such as laser surgery, microcomputers, and chemical analysis, infinite precision is not out of reach. To many, this idea of uncertainty - which is not just a theory but a proven aspect of atomic exploration - can be frightening. It's frustrating to be told that there is something out there in that tiny world, but we don't get to see it. It's like telling mankind that the universe is infinite, containing sights and discoveries to boggle and amaze us, and then denying us space travel. Sure, with time mankind may be able to reach the far ends of the galaxy and continue on in a wonderful exploration of outer space. But the subatomic world, with all of its electrons, positrons, antiprotons, alpha rays, gamma radiation, and whatever else may be occurring at this moment, will never be explored to the full extent of human ambition.

Notations:

* h is an abbreviated notation for $h/2\pi$, where h is Planck's constant. Planck's constant is 6.625×10^{-27} erg second. Dividing the $h/2\pi$ out and rounding off gives h to be about 10^{-27} . For the purposes of this paper, the label has been dropped to avoid unnecessary confusion.

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BROKEN WATCH

Alex LeTourneau

Chasing West the Rising Set

Second Place - Poetry

Gina Maria Tucker

Racing westbound
On I-57

Chasing dusk
Dragging evening over-
Cast and salmon skies

Winter
Opus One
Vivaldi plays November sunsets

"Viva la vita, via esa estrella!"
La voz
The voice

Need not I understand
Ere - I understood
Long ago
Long before

Edison, Galileo, Ponce de Leon
Chased light and time
And youth

I hear
I am here
Chasing the sun.

The music races

Chasing time
Racing youth
Pacing life of last light
Dancing fire on horizons.

I feared the loneliness
Of the strings
Callused danced the strings

-Of the finale
-Of the night

A knight of lost hope
Lost youth,
Light and life-

To darkened wings of time
That feared the sun
That may not rise

For any song can rise the sun
But only one can set the one

That I watched
That I heard
That I feared

Then this light
Burning timeless
Awakening life and youth

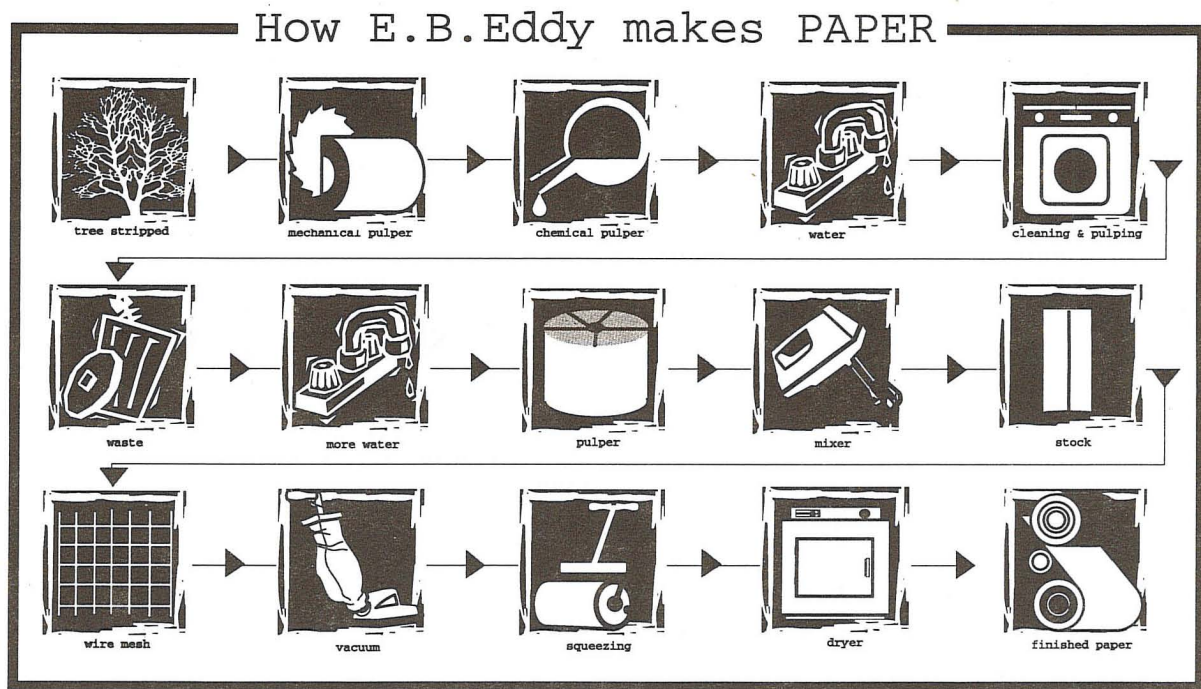
Somewhere
Out of darkness
Somehow
Bearing hope

I feared
I feared

Had I sought the light of hope
Through chasing east
The rise

That my youth
My life and light
Flashed reflecting

The past
And passed reflected sunsets
Through a rear view mirror.



HOW E.B. EDDY MAKES PAPER

Julie Hill

He Did What!

Deborah K. Hodge

As I had errands to run after work, I arrived home later than usual. I was greeted at the door by my daughter, Kristin, who said I had missed seeing Erick. Erick is my 21-year-old son who at the time was living in Ypsilanti going to school. The fact he had come home during the week and in the evening puzzled me. I asked Kristin what he was doing in town, and her answer took my by surprise. She said he had come home with his Marine Corps recruiter to get his birth certificate and high school diploma. I was numb! Yes, in junior high school and occasionally in high school he had stated he wanted to join the Marine Corps because it was the toughest branch of the service; he wanted to find out what he was made of. Every time the subject came up, I tried to talk him out of it. I would tell him go to college first or join the Air Force (they have the nicest living conditions of all the branches of the service) and learn a trade. Later that evening, Erick did call me from the recruiting station to get some additional information that was needed to complete the paperwork. I asked him if he was sure about what he was doing and he answered yes.

A few weeks later, the Marine Corps had a dinner in Dearborn for the new "poolies" and their families. You are referred to as a "poolie" (or being in the pool) until you are sworn in, at which time you are known as a recruit. We had Marines sitting with us during the dinner to answer any questions. After dinner, a program was given introducing us to the various positions, uniforms, and rules. We were told what our son or daughter would experience during boot camp. I had my doubts. Later, we would find out what we were told at the dinner was significantly different from what actually occurred. At that time, what I did not realize was the experience of becoming the mother of a U.S. Marine would be as painful and joyful as the birthing process.

The day to say goodbye came too quickly. My husband, daughter, and I went down to Ypsilanti to take Erick out to dinner, to say our goodbyes, and to move his belongings home. Erick had been sworn in. He was now a recruit and the property of the United States government and would be leaving the next day from Detroit Metro Airport. I had him call me from Detroit Metro and again from his next stop in Atlanta, Georgia. Both phone calls were made up of a lot of I love you's and I'll pray for you's. After Atlanta, his next stop was the Charleston, South

Carolina airport, to be followed by a bus ride in the wee hours of the morning to Parris Island. I knew Erick would not be allowed sleep for the next few days, and I didn't sleep much that night or the nights to come. I continually placed my son's well-being in the hands of God only to take the burden back and imagine, worry, and pray.

I didn't hear from Erick for two weeks. I was very concerned and anxious to hear from him in his own handwriting that he was OK. Finally, I received a green post card with his address and a preprinted statement: "I have arrived safely at Parris Island, South Carolina." It did nothing to relieve the knot in my stomach. Later in the week, I received a form letter from the commanding officer giving general information regarding the boot camp phase and rules for attending the graduation exercises. I prayed.

After a time, the letters started arriving. I anxiously opened the first letter. It started out, "Hello, from HELL camp. I have five drill instructors and they are all Satan's own children." What was a mother to think? I was shaken and took the letter to work so a friend who is a former Marine could read it. He read the letter and said things would get better; the training is very intense and Erick needed all of the support he could get. My friend also stated I should write every day as letters and encouragement from home are the most important things to a recruit in boot camp. I wrote every night. Even on Sundays and holidays, I would take a letter down to the post office so my recruit would have at least one letter a day. The letters from my son that followed did little to relieve my concern. One letter stated he had hurt the foot he had broken in high school, and the pain was very bad. He was afraid to go to sick bay for fear it would cause him to fall back in training, and he would then have to start that phase all over again. He said if he was to fail a phase, I was to call his congressman and get him the hell out of there, as he knew he couldn't go through it again. I felt sick. Exactly what was he going through? Slowly, his letters took on a better tone. He was now talking about fellow recruits, the friendships formed, and the fact he had the highest physical fitness score; but still, every letter asked for prayers for mental strength and physical wellness to complete the phase. It was very hard at this point to know what to feel. (Thank goodness people who I had been talking to about my concern for my son did not offer their own horror stories until after Erick graduated. I thank them for their restraint.)

As July approached, I was busy making plans for the drive down to Parris Island, South Carolina to attend my recruit's graduation from boot camp. I decided to drive as it would be cheaper and easier than trying to

coordinate a flight where Erick and I could fly home together. I drove alone as my husband and daughter were in Europe on a school trip that my husband was the sponsor of; these plans were made before Erick joined the Corps. I had not been anywhere alone in over 20 years, let alone on a 20-hour drive to a part of the country I was not familiar with. However, the fact I was going to my son's graduation outweighed any fears I had about the drive. At this point, nothing or no one was going to get in my way of getting to South Carolina. I drove straight through, arrived safely, and needless to say, was very tired. I was too wired to sleep, so I checked into the motel and then got back in the car and drove until I located the entrance to the approach for Parris Island. After stopping for dinner, I went back to the motel where I had no trouble falling asleep. I was so close now.

The next day was family visiting day. I would be allowed to be on base with my recruit from 2:30 p.m. until about 6:30 p.m. Upon arriving at the base, I went to the Visitor's Center to sign my recruit out. This would be the first time I had seen my son in 12 weeks; the anticipation was overwhelming. We were instructed to stand on the sidewalk, and the platoons would be marched down one at a time. When our recruit's name was called out, we were to go greet our recruit. I stood at the curb waiting for my son's platoon to arrive. Then, I heard the drill instructor calling out the marching commands. The platoon was approaching; my heart was pounding. I saw my son! He was so much taller and leaner. I could feel the tears well. I wanted to run to him but had to wait until his name was called. It seemed like an eternity. I heard his name and went to claim my recruit. His voice was barely there. He said he was hoarse from all of the yelling they had to do. I looked him over. I couldn't believe I finally was able to hug him again. He had changed so much! He stood taller and had an air of confidence about him. He looked more like a man than the college boy I said goodbye to 12 weeks ago. My son has always been polite, but now he whispered to me as we entered and exited buildings, "Don't rush the door," meaning that I was to wait for him to open the door for me. I still hear that in my mind whenever I approach a door. We ate a picnic lunch and talked about things in general. Erick was still very rigid in the way he held his body and very closed as to what the experience had been like. He said he would tell me more once we were off the island. After lunch, we went to the base exchange where I went crazy buying U.S.M.C. bumper stickers, key chains, license plates, and shirts. I wanted everyone to know that my son is a U.S. Marine.

My recruit took me to the barracks where he lived during the last phase of his training. There I met his drill instructors who were very polite but very formal; I didn't feel comfortable and was glad to get back outside. Throughout the day, I also met some of the other recruits in my son's platoon and was able to put names from his letters with faces. The day ended all too quickly, and I had to say goodbye. The next day at 9:15 a.m. my recruit would graduate, and I would be able to take him home -- if only for ten days.

I was instructed to report the next morning to the covered stands known as the General's box. I had been given a pass for V.I.P. seating and would be introduced to the Commanding General of Parris Island. This is a right reserved for family members of the honor graduates and award recipients. As my recruit had been chosen as honorman for his platoon, he would be graduating in dress blues as an honor graduate. He was also the recipient of the "Leatherneck Award". He received both of these distinctions for outstanding performance while undergoing recruit training. Erick later told me whenever he felt like giving up, he would keep going because he wanted to earn the honorman position for himself and for me. I felt very honored.

It is hard to describe the experience of attending the graduation ceremony. The ceremony started with a Marine marching with sword drawn to the farthest corner boundary of the parade deck. The command was given for the march-on of troops onto the parade deck, accompanied by the Marine Corps band. After this, there was the sound-off, acknowledging the presence of the platoons, followed by the officers marching to the front with swords drawn and presenting the platoons for recognition. The invocation was given followed by the introduction of the General. Following the General's remarks, the honor graduates and award recipients came forward, marching in formation to the front of the General's box. The National Anthem was played. The honor graduates and award recipients were then presented with their awards. Placed around their necks were medals hanging on red, white, and blue ribbons. Next, the drill instructors were introduced and the platoon flags (the guidons) were retired. The Marine's Hymn was played and the final dismissal was given. The troops were dismissed with the exception of the honor graduates and award recipients who were surrounded by armed guards so that the General could come down and congratulate each honor guard personally. My son was no longer a recruit but a U.S. Marine!

All during this ceremony, I was praying. It was so hot and humid. Those of us fortunate enough to be sitting in the General's box were fanning ourselves trying to get some air. The troops were standing at attention through the whole ceremony on a black asphalt parade deck. The ceremony lasted about one hour and part of me was glad when it ended. The troops had on short-sleeved shirts and one of the recruits went down. He got back up on his own and made it through the rest of the ceremony. The honor graduates and award recipients had on dress blues which are wool-blend jackets. I watched the honor graduates very carefully. Occasionally, one of them would sway -- and I would pray. The ceremony was very moving--more tears. I was proud beyond description at seeing my son out on the parade deck in his dress blues receiving special honor for his performance during training. I know it took a lot of very hard and painful work both mentally and physically to earn that honor.

On our drive home, it was dark in the car, but I could sense something about Erick. I looked over. He was sitting there with his eyes closed, his head against the headrest with earphones on listening to music, unwinding from the day's excitement and from 12 weeks of boot camp. I noticed tears coming down his cheeks; I reached over and took his hand. I asked if he was all right. He answered yes. I asked what was the matter, and he proceeded to tell me the things that had happened during his stay on Parris Island. He told me about a fellow recruit losing it mentally and running off screaming and breaking windows from the stress, about having to shadow a fellow recruit who had tried to commit suicide, about a fellow recruit who found out the reason why he couldn't keep up on the hikes (or "humps" as they call them) during the last weeks of training was because it was discovered that he had sickle cell anemia and didn't have long to live. My heart hurt. We rode silently in the dark; each crying our own tears. Unless one is a mother, I don't feel one can fully appreciate or understand my feelings during this experience in my life.

(PFC Hodge is now stationed at Camp Gieger, North Carolina. He will be graduating from the School of Infantry in October. He is scheduled to report to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina and continue his training for 30 more days after which time he will be ready for deployment. I find I am watching the news with greater interest. I listen carefully when the President speaks. World events take on new importance when the grunt who will go when the President calls is your son. Needless to say, I continue to pray.)

Controversial Shoes

Gina Maria Tucker

Jumping from a tree limb
Without shoes
Is a pain like no other
But it's fun

Being barefoot
Not cause you don't have shoes

But cause not wearing any
Is good for your feet
And your shoes

After it rains
There's nothing better
Than splashing in puddles
In new suede shoes

Not cause you don't have galoshes
But because it's fun

Hearing mom yell
About how you ruined
Your new suede shoes

Now it's fun
Wearing high heels
I like how men like
Women in high heels

But it's fun
Breaking them off

Not because you don't have flats
But because it's very liberating
Breaking heels off

Oedipus The King

Mary Schueneman

Modern drama is based on things learned from the ancient Greek playwrights. Sophocles, a Greek playwright, lived during the fifth century B.C. and wrote 120 plays that were performed in Athens during the annual spring Festival of Dionysus.

Unfortunately, only seven of his plays survived for the modern world to appreciate. The book titled Literature: An Introduction to Fiction, Poetry, and Drama, Sixth Edition, by X.J. Kennedy and Dana Gioia, contains the script for one of Sophocles' plays titled "Oedipus The King" (1105). The theme of the story could be stated by simply saying a man's righteous attitude can be his own undoing. Through the use of the characteristic features of Greek dramatic genre, Sophocles creates dynamic characters in a manner that is still used as an example today.

Typical of Sophocles plays, "Oedipus The King" concentrates on the suffering of one person, therefore, making him a dynamic character. Throughout the story the protagonist, Oedipus, begins to change. In the beginning of the story, Oedipus is at the height of his power, but by the end, his world comes crashing in around him. He is a good and caring king who is determined to find the cause of a plague inflicted on the people of the city he rules. Oedipus decrees death to the killer of the former king since it is told by the oracle that as long as the responsible party is among the people of the city, the plague would continue (1108-9). When Teiresias, a person to whom the gods speak, reveals to Oedipus his guilt in the death of the former, Oedipus refuses to believe it. Here, Oedipus begins to change. His inability to see his guilt causes him to overreact by accusing his brother-in-law, Creon, of fabricating the story so that he could take over as king (1122). As the plot continues, Oedipus is enlightened to the truth that reduces him to a humble subject to be dealt with as Creon sees fit.

Sophocles portrays Queen Iocaste, the antagonist, as a dynamic character who unknowingly aids in her husband's downfall. At the beginning of the story, she is a strong and confident woman, respected by everyone. The Choragos, who represent the public, interject to Oedipus' and Creon's quarreling as written: "Choragos: This dreadful quarrel can be resolved through her" (1122). As the coming events are foreshadowed through

Iocaste's reaction to things revealed later in the play, her confidence is destroyed and she commits suicide by hanging herself because she cannot deal with the horror of the situation (1139).

Oedipus' downfall is a direct result of his high moral values. Sophocles uses the writing technique of dramatic irony to illustrate this point. Oedipus' whole situation is based upon belief that he is protecting those he loves from this awful prediction. But in reality, his running away causes the prediction to come true. Oedipus unknowingly issues his own punishment when, as any good king, he decries that no mercy will be given to the party responsible in the former king's murder. Every time he tries to make a good moral decision, he blindly makes his situation worse.

During the time of Greek drama, violence is used as a tool to achieve a specific purpose and does not occur on stage. Through the use of words, Sophocles creates a katharsis within the audience without showing the violence being committed. Violence, in Greek tragedy, is symbolic of a greater meaning. And by not actually witnessing the violence, the focus of the audience's attention is directed to the cause/result rather than the act itself. An example of this is the description, in great detail, of the events that have already occurred in the palace (1139). The act of Oedipus blinding himself was symbolic of his blindness to the truth of his heritage. This description of the scene by the second messenger is told in such a way that it creates a katharsis among the audience as intense as if they had actually seen the act committed. The point of the scene described is not the bloodshed itself, but the reason why it occurs and the emotion it creates within the audience.

"Oedipus The King" teaches us a lesson in humility. Even though Oedipus tried to be a good king, his arrogance prevents him from seeing the truth. The downfall of the protagonist is the typical ending in one of Sophocles tragedies. The lessons learned, as well as the characteristics of dramatic genre, by the early Greek tragedies are still valid even in today's literature. As a piece of treasured literature, the play "Oedipus The King" has proven the test of time and is an example of what a good tragedy should be.

The Good Nazi

Tobi Couture

He stood listening with the others
Not liking what he heard
He objected to these ideas
But dared not say a word

He believed in Jesus Christ
And wouldn't hurt a fly
He never hated anyone
And pitied people's cries

So how is it that he stands here
In this evil crowd?
He wants to tell them that they're wrong
But can't say it aloud

For if he'd protest these monsters
He'd be taken by the mob
And get beaten, maybe killed
Because that is their ruthless job

As the Nazi soldiers
Marched on through the town
He felt so sick and guilty
And walked on with a frown

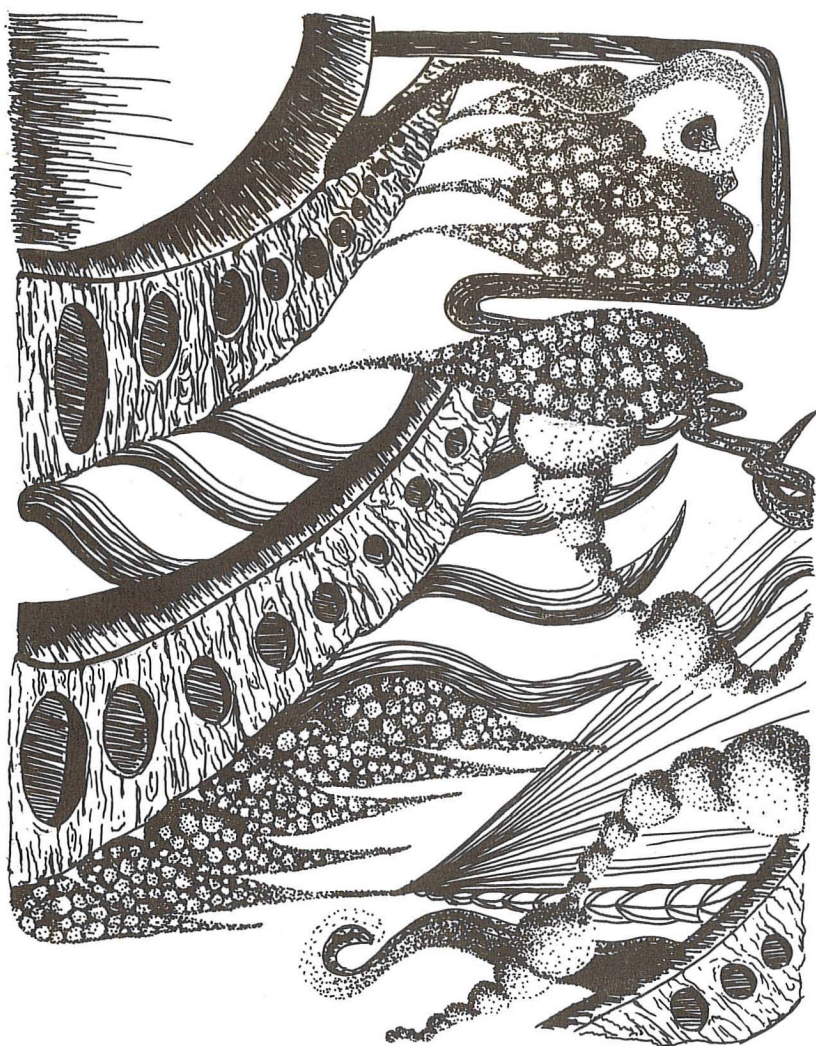
He couldn't turn and run
Too late to turn back now
He wanted to escape
Away from this, but how?

Back at concentration camp
He led Jews to the showers
As deadly gas leaked into them
He heard them wail for hours

It tore his heart to know that fate
And he helped make it so
Humanity had no use now
Now it was *his* time to go

In deep despair
He fell to his knees
And cried out to God
"Just take me, please!"

But there he knelt
In pain and sorrow
For he was doomed
To face tomorrow



TEXTURE

Georgia Onyski

The Subservient Wife in a Mexican-American Home

Dolores E. Noble

A woman's ethnic background and culture pretty much dictates her behavior patterns and way of thinking for the rest of her life. Whatever environment she is placed in, the deep set roots have a strong influence. The Catholic religion, for instance, was imbedded in my brain. It is the master at teaching GUILT. Up to this day, feelings of guilt are a driving force to most of my actions. I feel guilty if I do too much or don't do enough. To add to my guilt trip in life, my mother taught me to be a subservient wife, with discipline thrown in. Many times I resented this type of upbringing, but never questioned it. Needless to say, growing up in a lower middle class Mexican-American home (located in southern New Mexico) was a difficult learning experience. I did not have any idea that being taught to be a subservient wife would deeply affect the path I would take in my personal relationships for the rest of my life.

One thing my mother did stress was education. It was due to the fact and beyond her control that she attended school only up to the fifth grade. She wanted her children to make up for her ignorance. I can tell you one thing right now: Education and subserviency do not mix. My strong liberal views were already starting to take hold. I felt I was capable of having a career and contributing financially to the household. I knew I was intelligent and strong minded enough to handle any responsibilities and challenges the outside world had to offer. I had an opinion on anything and everything.

However, I got married to my high school sweetheart at 19, right after my first year of college. I, like many other young women, dreamed of a handsome husband who would love me and worship the ground I walked on. I also wanted a nice little home and children. I was willing to be the wife I was so adamantly raised to be. Much to my surprise, that little fantasy had a rude awakening. My married life depicted the following: Hurry! Armando is almost home from work. Roll out a perfect round tortilla and make sure it's cooked on both sides. Iron every piece of clothing and don't forget the creases on the pants. Clean every corner of the house. Meals have to be on time no matter how poor the meal. The children have to be bathed and clean before their father gets home. A daily ritual of reminders kept running through my head: Make myself

fresh and presentable before serving his meal. Do not say things that might upset him. Do not try to be clever or smart or even give an opinion. He is the man of the house; make him feel superior. Be the woman HE wants you to be. Allow him to mold you into a perfect, obedient robot. You are his. It is your duty to be faithful and make him happy. No one mentioned his infidelity, which was acceptable behavior for macho men in our culture. Or my unhappiness.

I always tried to make a happy home. I felt that I gave 200%, but never received anything in return...except an occasional fat lip or black eye to put me in my place.

I remember not being able to read my treasured books for pleasure or having any friends visit. Armando wanted to keep me secluded from the outside world so that I would not be influenced in any way. He had this insecure fear that I might someday discover women do think for themselves. Little did he know that I had been fighting within myself for a long time not to rebel against him. I felt compelled by my duty as a subservient wife to abide or suffer the consequences. He knew how I was reared and took advantage of it. He did a good job of keeping me down. I had no self-esteem. My spirit and soul had been beaten out of me. I just existed.

Divorce, at that time, was taboo in our culture. To help my torment, I would go to the Catholic priest for counseling. He would say: "My child, carry the cross and wear the burden. That is part of life. You have your ups and downs. The man upstairs has chosen this path for you to test your strength. Give your husband lots of love and understand his behavior. Do not provoke him." Feeling guilty, like a good Catholic should, I left thinking, "why had I the audacity to complain?" I went home like a good little sheep to try harder.

I found that as time went by, the more I waited on Armando hand and foot...bowing to his every little wish, the more abusive he became. My heart kept telling me to keep going: Do not let up. Remember what Mother taught you. Do not let her down. Armando is the father of my children. So what if he abuses you. As long as he is a good father, do not let the outside world know that I have failed in keeping a marriage. My mind, however, was going the opposite direction: There has to be more to life. I deserve to be happy. I do not have to tolerate this animal of a husband. So what if I am an outcast in society. If this is what marriage is all about, I do not need it! I can survive without a man.

My heart and mind finally came together one night when Armando came home drunk and in a violent mood. He did not only abuse me this time, but also one of our sons. It was that night I made my first attempt EVER to retaliate. My act of defiance only infuriated him more. That was my worst and last beating. I look back now and realize that it almost took Armando to kill me in order to end that relationship. I justified my strict ethnic upbringing to dominate my actions and control my life without letting my common sense about right or wrong even come into play. It is sad to know I allowed myself to be pushed to that extreme in order to make a decision about my life.

I filed for divorce and held my head up high. I knew there was a brighter future for me and my children. My Mother accepted my decision with a broken heart and blamed herself for my seven years of torment. The Catholic priest, on the other hand, did not acknowledge the divorce. He called me into counseling and preceded to work on my guilt. He felt I should have given Armando another chance. He also told me that in the eyes of God I would always be married to Armando. The Catholic church would not recognize any other marriage unless this one was annulled. Annulment? How could I deny my marriage and children never happened? In the meantime, I would be living in sin. I was appalled to know that the circumstances had not wavered his way of thinking. My immediate and disrespectful response to him was: "How many beatings ago did you tell me to give Armando another chance? If you think he is a salvable man, then you try living with him!" I took an obstinate stance and walked out knowing that being a Catholic would never be the same.

Twenty-five years later, 2,000 miles away, I find myself in another world outside my culture. My new approach to life is a balance of my ethnic upbringing and my own rational thought process. I managed to raise my children with diligence as a single parent, watching not to apply the same kind of pressures on them. I have lived and learned from relationships. Not all men are cut from the same cloth. You have to respect yourself first, in order to be treated with respect. It has taken me years to build back my self-esteem and find what kind of person I really am and want to be. Through continual perseverance I have found a rewarding career, good supportive friends, mental and physical health, and finally a great husband who worships the ground I walk on. He makes me laugh, makes me happy, and most of all, loves me for me.

Paris

Charles Riffenburg IV

And the fishman did a little waltz
While I stood silently by,
He danced around St. Petersburg
And my raincoat kept him dry.

Across the Alps and through the valley
We drowned our pasts with our cheer
But no sights I saw moved my heart
For my woes had grabbed my ear.

At first they were not powerful, so
I removed them from my mind;
But a single woeful feeling
Became obsession in time.

The Whole of the World in 80 days
Never looked so good as you;
The fishman did a little jig
And no one ever knew.

You tall green grass-hair watermelon
Pie in the sky with diamonds,
I saw them with the fishman when
We left the Chinese flyman.

The sights and sounds of all my travels
Melted from me at the sight
When I saw you standing beneath
The coolness of the moonlight.

We spent that night remembering
How I had said I loved you;
Too soon the sun, he showed his face
And turned the midnight sky blue.

You shook my hand and said good-night
We never would get to kiss;
Of all the things I've seen so far
It is you that I will miss.

So all I'm left to do now, I guess
Is wander with the fishman;
But when I walk the streets at night
It is you who holds my hand.

So you just go on and live your life
While I sit here and cry;
The fishman will still do his waltz
While I stand silently by.

Love's Crystal Image

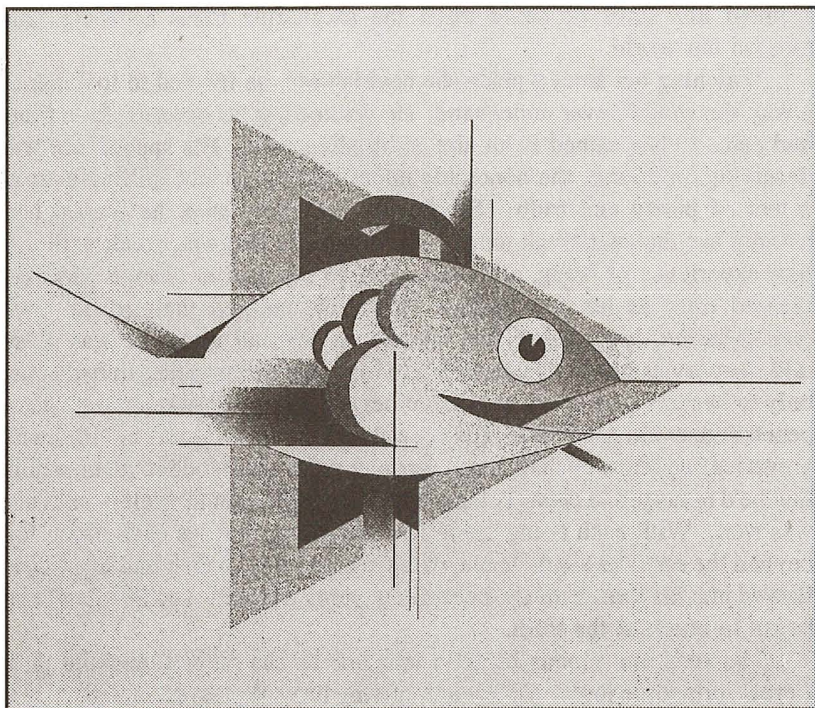
Sherry Jones

In times before, of life springing in its chosen form from the bowels of the earth -- without regard to proper evolutionary processes or stated hierarchy and societal propriety -- freedoms were granted toward the intertwining of souls and beings as they desired. In this place, honey dripped from butterfly wings and the sun kissed each day with the delicacy of a mother's first touch on her newborn's skin. She walked this place in childlike innocence, trusting each moment to itself and knowing the joy of being as each breath reached to the end of the universe. In her youth, her magic was woven with crystal images and the pungent aroma of incense. Translucent hues of muted rainbows clothed her as flowing silks, her eyes flashing with laughter at each reflection cast. That laughter haunted him until he could resist the saccharine tones no more, and entered her world.

Watching her from a place she couldn't see, he learned to love her in a way she would never understand. He wanted her for himself, for a time, and came to her bathed in an almost blinding light. His appearance was deceiving, of course, the honorable intent welling up and spilling over as a tear of purity and truth. Shadowing her every step, he wooed her, making her feel as though touched by the gods. She was drunk with this new experience of being, allowing him into her soul to change whatever pleased him, as his joy became hers. He merged their magic with premeditation; her wisdom and connection with all that ever was faded into memory as her energy passed into him. He never meant to harm her, only to become part of the essence of her, not realizing that her soul, once penetrated, could never heal. His once clear blue eyes became clouded with prevarication borne of their union, springing from that hidden place within that he'd managed to cleverly hide from her -- and from himself -- until she was won. With each rising moon they came together, as each moon fell beyond the earth he would leave, with each union her youth and mysticism flowed into his form until she became an empty illusion. Too late, her heart began to question the truth.

The suns and moons blended into one as she waited, and the once eternal springtime found winter's unforgiving fury. Walled off in a protective cocoon, she survived his rigid apathy by hiding deeply within herself, in that limitless void where she would never again be found. Wishing the

gods to take pity on a foolish and impetuous spirit, she held onto the last tattered remnants of hope. She hungered for the granting of one last tarriance, wishing the night to last forever, and not to disappear at the dawn. In this place, beyond the rising moons, she waits; the woman wailing for her forsaken lover, knowing that as each moon wanes, the chance to merge with him again escapes her. Pain and loss echo around her like a pebble dropped carelessly into the dark pool of time. She yearns for restoration of her youth, magic, and power, through her lover from the time before humanity, crying as the moon waned and she realized she will spend eternity alone.



DECAFISH
Catherine Ingles

My Experience With Español

Heather J. Stockwell

Para todos mis amigos
en mi clase de Español
a la escuela de Pine
River Elementary.

When I was choosing the classes that I would be taking during my high school years, my counselor at St. Clair High School advised me that it would be to my advantage to take a foreign language if I planned on eventually attending college. She explained that it would be a positive point on my school records, and colleges like to see it so I decided to study Spanish.

Spanish I was great! I went into the class excited and enthusiastic to learn a new language. I looked forward to speaking to my fellow classmates with our soon to be new secret code. I caught on quickly, practicing at home by using Spanish words in my everyday world in place of our common English language. I was really having fun with my new language. After all, I knew something my family did not, so it was my turn to be a show off and teach them a thing or two. Mom and Dad became madre y padre, and my brothers became mis hermanos. These new titles have since become permanent in mi familia. Nobody even blinks an eye anymore when I refer to my family members in Spanish.

Due to the fact that I enjoyed my first year of Spanish so much I decided to take an additional year. My second year of Spanish was not as fun because we had to perfect what we already knew. After completing my second year of Spanish, I was eligible to teach an after school enrichment class in the elementary schools.

Last year I was a teachers' assistant at Pine River Elementary School. After discovering I was a second year Spanish student, Mrs. Harvey, the building principal, asked if I would be interested in teaching one of the after school enrichment classes that were to be offered at Pine River. Grateful for the confidence Mrs. Harvey seemed to have in me and the encouragement from several of the other teachers that I worked with at the elementary school, I eagerly accepted her offer. Although I was quite

nervous about teaching my very own class I was also thrilled to get the opportunity to get a feel for what teaching was all about. After all, if I planned on being a teacher I had to start somewhere.

Spanish class was scheduled for one hour and fifteen minutes every Monday after school for ten weeks. My class list consisted of 12 names of fourth and fifth graders who were anxious and enthused to learn every little bit of Spanish that I could teach them. The first day of class I let the kids all pick their own Spanish names in place of their English names. They each chose the name they wanted to be for the next ten weeks. I taught the kids Spanish names, and they became familiar with each other by their newly chosen names. To this day I still call the kids by their Spanish names when I see them, because those are the names that I connect with their faces.

In the first few classes I taught the kids how to greet one another and ask how they were doing, what their name was and how old they were, as well as their good-byes. The kids would walk into our Spanish world at 3:15 p.m. and would be greeted with the usual "¡Hola!" and as they headed home for the evening they were always sure to yell "¡Adios!" or "¡Hasta luego!"

In order to get a little "taste" of the Spanish life style during our last class together we held a fiesta. I brought in a variety of Spanish and Mexican foods for the kids to try. We made nachos, tacos, lime-ade, and even Mexican pizza. During our fiesta we also watched "Muzzy," a Spanish cartoon. The kids would shout out the English translation when they recognized a Spanish word they had learned.

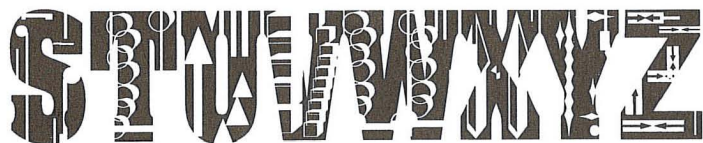
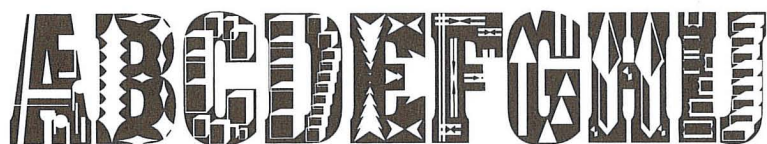
Although the students and I only had ten classes together, I believe we all made many new friends, and we definitely learned a lot from one another. The kids learned some background and general facts about Spain as well as their colors, alphabet and much more. They even learned the days, months, and holidays by designing their own Spanish calendarios!

The kids did not only learn in my class, they also taught me and broke me in to some of the tasks I would face as a teacher. They taught me to relax and have fun with the lesson and to laugh at mistakes; everyone makes one now and again. My Spanish amigos kept me on my toes and the minute I was flustered or disorganized they were more than willing to jump in and help me out.

One of the most important lessons that the children made me realize was the fact that kids learn according to their individual abilities. Some kids need to be reminded a little bit more, and some need to learn through hands-on experiences. Some can learn simply by hearing or seeing something only once. I saw first hand how different kids learn by different

methods. It made me realize what a difficult job and how much responsibility is put on a teacher to be able to identify and work with each child's individual abilities and needs.

I was lucky enough to get the opportunity to get my feet wet in the field of education, because I took the time to share what I knew about the Spanish language to a group of kids who wanted to learn something new and different. I feel that I have a definite advantage over someone who never chose to learn a foreign language. Not only did I have fun while learning, but it helped me to become more cultured and educated about the world outside the United States border. And thanks to Mrs. Harvey, I had the terrific experience of working with a great bunch of kids and was able to share some of my knowledge and enthusiasm with them.



ART DECO ABC
Yen-Ling Mulholland

Half

Gina Maria Tucker

I'm watching you
Wondering what you're thinking

But she's on line one
You're behind the counter
And I'm on the other side

Then you
Half wanting to talk
Half knowing you have to

And me
Half pretending not to listen
Half trying not to care

I've been with you once or twice
This being all
I've ever wanted

And me
Half wanting to jump up and down
Half pretending not to care

Then you
Half wanting to be there
Half just the way boys are

You watch me
Wondering what I think
You're thinking

But he's on line one
I'm in front of the counter
And you're on the other side

Then me
Half not wanting to talk
Half wondering if I should have to

And you
Half not caring
Half trying to listen

And split in half together
Me
Half suffering
Half content
You
Half not suffering
Half not content

But me
Wholly hoping
That maybe someday...

Love Remembered

Brenda Lukasak

Alone and forgotten, the cherished teacup fondly known as Tea waits, not knowing for whom or what. She thinks back remembering the others, gone so long ago. There had been the stately tea pot, three other teacups, and saucers. They were a beautiful set. Everyone who had seen them agreed. Their creator had spared neither time nor money in crafting them. Each had been trimmed in gold round the brim, base, and handle. On each bowl was depicted a single crimson rosebud with stem, leaves, and thorns. She remembered yet the delight her mistress exhibited while carefully unwrapping each piece.

Thinking back, she recalled the elderly lady who had purchased them. The lady had been sitting beside her mistress, telling a story as each treasure had been unearthed from the box. The story centered on the gold trim and crimson rosebud found on each piece. Oh if only she could remember, what was the story?

Feeling lonely, she recalled again the little parlor which had been their home for so many years. The beautiful oriental carpet and the rose patterned upholstered furniture seemed to smile at her from decades past. Her mistress had chosen all the furnishings to compliment their crimson rosebud pattern. They had truly been a beautiful set, everyone who had seen them agreed. Oh if only she could remember, what was the story?

The years sped past so joyfully, one by one new people had been added to their happy home. Life had been so wonderful, everyone so happy, and everything in its place. It had been total bliss. None, not one had been prepared. The day of change had arrived. For Tea, the heart wrenching effects of that day, would never be forgotten. Vividly the image of the curly headed child was etched forever in her mind. It had been the still of early evening, the little fingers had groped along the top of the cart, the teapot had been found, grasped, lifted, and dropped. Lying in fragments on the floor, her lovely mistress had cried while sweeping the pieces together for disposal. To Tea, it had sounded as though the very heart of her mistress had been breaking. That had been the day Tea, with the other teacups and saucers, had been banished to the dark and dusty shelf. Her mistress had spoken softly of keeping them safe from curious fingers. Oh, to be admired, touched and enjoyed once more.

Over the years which followed, they were occasionally taken from the shelf, given a warm sudsy bath, and enjoyed a cup of hot tea with the beautiful ladies who came to visit. Through time and use the beautiful teacups and saucers had all been broken, all save she. Now alone on the dark and dusty shelf she sits and thinks. She feels so lonely. If only she could remember, what was the story?

Alone our friend Tea sits in the darkened cupboard, collected dust and remembering the happiness of long ago. Slowly the cupboard door is opened one day and other items are removed, Tea can hardly contain her excitement. Today will she have her sudsy bath and once more share a cup of hot tea with her mistress? Wait, what is happening, this is not her mistress! It is the curly headed child, but no, she has somehow changed. She now resembles the young woman her mistress had been when first they met. The young woman looks Tea over carefully, her eyes fill with tears. Gingerly she rinses Tea under the spigot and pours a cup of hot tea within her bowl. Together they sit quietly, each reminiscing of days gone by. When the young woman is finished she again rinses Tea, but instead of placing her once more upon the shelf, the young woman carries Tea gently to her own home.

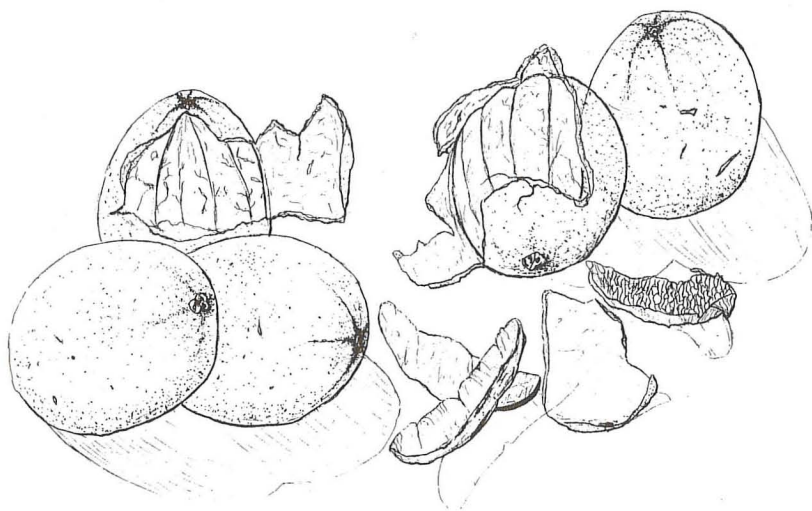
Tea now has a new home. There are so many people who hold and admire her. After everyone has gone to their rooms, the young woman carefully places Tea upon a dark and dusty shelf. Softly the young woman assures herself she will keep the fragile teacup safe. Time passes so slowly for Tea, who sits alone and forgotten.

Tea has sat alone for so many years. She seldom has seen the cupboard door opened. Yet she continues to remember the happy days of time long past. Slowly the cupboard door is opened, items are shifted, and a hand reaches for her. Curious, so much time has passed, the light is intensely bright as Tea is lifted down and carefully placed into a warm sudsy bath, rinsed, and dried. She then is placed upon a saucer, it looks so very much like her own from long ago. An elderly lady pours hot tea within her then hands both she and the saucer to the most beautiful and peaceful lady Tea can ever remember having seen.

"Oh it's glorious," thinks Tea, "to once more be admired, touched, and enjoyed." Wait, the elderly lady is speaking, telling a story. With bated breath Tea listens, relaxing as she hears the story, which for so long she believed forgotten.

Gone are the dark and dusty shelves which once our little Tea called home. Today she and the saucer grace a beautiful golden oak shelf with a leaded glass door. Now she rests in the light and often is admired, for

all who pass view her and she views them. She rests now, for she knows the special days will come, these are the days when she is placed in the hand of another, and hears again the story of her beauty. For as the story goes, the gold at her brim and base represent the beginning and possible end of love. Yet, when shared the gold at her handle represents love freely given and accepted, which knows no end. Her beautiful crimson rosebud is symbolic of a newly born love and commitment, the stem was two, who now are one, and the thorns are the trials which strengthen relationships. As the rosebud patiently awaits the warmth of the sun to burst into full beauty and maturity, so it is with young love patiently nurtured, which matures into a gift of beauty enriching all lives touched by it.



NAVEL ORANGE STUDY
Jessica Ikera

Friends Of The Arts

Friends of the Arts is an organization of citizens of our community who are interested in supporting the arts and promoting programs in the arts at St. Clair County Community College in music, theater, creative writing and the visual arts.

With the retirement of Dean Patrick Bourke, the Board of Directors of the **Friends of the Arts** has been reorganized and expanded. The co-chairs are now Patrick Bourke and Nancy Nyitray: Secretary-treasurer, Geri Reed; ex officio, R. Ernest Dear. Other board members from SCCCC: Susanna Defever, David Korff, Al Matthews and Charles Stephens; from the community: Sylvia Bargiel and Margaret Stone.

We at the College deeply appreciate the support of our benefactors, sponsors, distinguished donors, patrons, and friends. If you believe in the importance of the College arts program and your name is not listed among the contributing Friends, we invite you to attend our events and to join with others in keeping Arts Alive at St. Clair County Community College.

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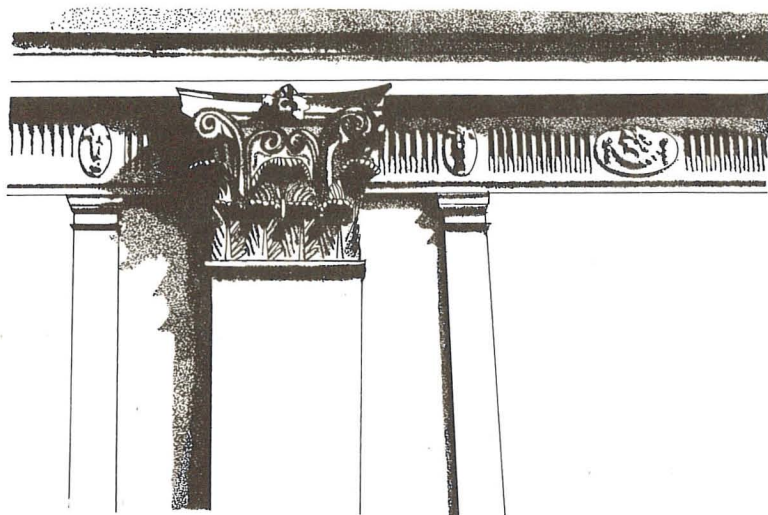
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